THE
NATION

JANUARY 3, 1959 . . 25c

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

THE TRUTH ABOUT NEW YORK'S NEWSPAPER STRIKE

Fred J. Cook

★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THE POLITICS OF CULTURE

Raymond Williams

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

When No News Is Bad News

Dear Sirs: What a sad, sad week for New York newspaper readers, with the tail of an industry (about 2,000 delivery men) not just wagging, but flogging the body—a bulk of around 20,000 directly involved in getting out nine local newspapers.

Now, one can be light-years beyond the Knowland mentality and still ask what the hell gives with local union leadership? The drivers, many of whom *do* practice petty tyrannies (read kickbacks) on their routes, have not done badly with an average base pay of around $130 weekly—before the strike. So they get an offer from the publishers (who, let it be said speedily, are no angels; fact is, I'd call them sharks, the way several of them ganged up about a year ago, increasing their prices as much as 100 per cent). So the offer sounds not at all bad—and everything points to a quick settlement. Then someone—does it matter from which side?—in the conference room sneezes and all go home with a case of ruffled feathers. Otherwise known as cerebral fogginess.

A day or two before the empty-paper-curtain descended on New York, one of the scarier headlines announced Jimmy Hoffa's intention of organizing the New York police. Maybe that guy *is* the new prophet of labor. Sharks on one side, barracuda on the other—and who is the public, anyway?

SID BERNARD

New York City

Freedom of Expletive

Dear Sirs: Every once in a while, *The Nation* disgraces itself utterly. In the last sentence of "The Spender Affair" [editorial columns, December 13 issue], you attempted to equate the attitude of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom toward Spender with the attitude of the Union of Soviet Writers toward Pasternak. Your statement is either dishonest, or idiotic, or both.

BERNARD J. FRIED

New York City

The Acid Test

Dear Sirs: In her article, "Golden Age of Misery," in your December 13 issue, Rita Hinden assumes that social psychologists have *proved* that "large-scale industrial societies" by their very nature are the source of the malaise, sense of emptiness, lack of purpose, etc., so widespread in the Western world. Before this conclusion is accepted, wouldn't it be wise to find out if this same type of problem is prevalent in the USSR or Czechoslovakia, two societies as highly industrialized as most in the Western world? If we should find that, whatever their other problems, they are not seriously troubled by the kind Miss Hinden so ably describes, won't it be necessary to reach other conclusions? Could it be that the primary source of our difficulties lies in capitalism rather than in the industrial revolution?

ALICE RICHARDS

Atherton, Calif.

Consciousness of Virtue

Dear Sirs: I wish to express my thanks and my admiration for your publishing the review by Odell Shepard of Perry Miller's *Consciousness in Concord* in your December 6 issue. The reviewer is to be commended for doing a thorough, neat and much-needed piece of work. Our American scholarship has come to a sorry state when some scholar with the reputation and genuine achievements of Professor Miller can do as careless, indifferent, sensation-seeking piece of editing as this work on Thoreau's long-missing journal—and then be given various vague and empty pats on the back by various reviewers.

EGBERT S. OLIVER
Portland State College

Portland, Oregon

Nuclear Information for the Layman

Dear Sirs: Readers of *The Nation* may be interested to know that the Greater St. Louis Citizens' Committee for Nuclear Information has been organized for the purpose of acquainting lay citizens of the community with the *facts* concerning the uses of nuclear energy in war and in peace.

Many people want to know whether a "clean" H-bomb is possible, whether civilization could survive an all-out nuclear war, whether radioactive fall-out from the explosion of such bombs presents a genuine hazard to human health and to the genetic welfare of the race, and why it is that on some of these issues there is disagreement among scientists.

Our committee is functioning in three ways: 1. by assigning its scientifically trained members to the task of gathering all available information and of reducing it to simple terms in suitable printed bulletins; 2. by sponsoring discussions thereon at public meetings and on radio and television; 3. by means of a Speakers Bureau equipped to furnish well-informed lecturers to interested groups.

Subscribers to *The Nation* who wish to receive our publications are invited to communicate with our office at 4484 West Pine Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo. (telephone JEfferson 3-0353).

ALEXANDER S. LANGSDORF
President

St. Louis, Mo.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

1 ●

ARTICLES

4 ● Non-Intervention Again
by JANE STOLLE

5 ● New York's Newspaper Strike
by FRED J. COOK

8 ● Notes on the Labor Front
by B. J. WIDICK

10 ● The Politics of Culture
by RAYMOND WILLIAMS

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

13 ● The Irony of History
by ISAAC DEUTSCHER

14 ● A Cold Day on the Marx-Engels Platz, East Berlin (poem)
by MAIRI MacINNES

15 ● The Over-Simple Crusade
by GEORGE A. SILVER

16 ● Poets and Causes
by JEAN MARTIN

17 ● Letter from Casablanca
by JULIAN HALEVY

18 ● Christmas (poem)
by CHARLES OLSON

19 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

20 ● Music
by LESTER TRIMBLE

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 20)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Jan. 3, 1959. Vol. 188, No. 1

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1959, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1959
VOLUME 188, NUMBER 1

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Citizen Mikoyan

A Russian citizen named Anastas Mikoyan has been granted a United States visa and will arrive here shortly to visit his old friend Mikhail Menshikov. That is pleasant and we drink a toast *in absentia* to the happiness of this private reunion. We also note that Citizen Mikoyan is Deputy Premier of the USSR, with special interest in the area of foreign trade, and that his friend Menshikov is the Soviet Ambassador in Washington. It occurs to us to wonder whether Mr. Mikoyan will combine his journey of sentiment with activities of more general significance.

Actually, we know perfectly well that he will. The "private citizen" device is a convenience for both Russian and American officialdom. Mikoyan can talk to anyone he wants to see without the exchange becoming a "conversation"; if anything useful comes from his visit, it can be officially acknowledged, but if his time proves wasted, he was officially never here.

The inevitable newspaper epithet for Mikoyan is "wily," and the fact that he has served Lenin, Stalin and Khrushchev over a period of thirty years suggests that he has earned it. But if the informal visit is wily, he did not invent it or even revive it. Public men have traveled in private clothes at least since Harun al-Rashid, and just recently an American citizen, one Hubert Humphrey, has returned from a sightseeing trip to Muscovy. While there he enjoyed an eight-hour chat with Premier Khrushchev. We prefer to think that this new fashion in international exchange of views is an American discovery, that it will substitute communication for protocol and that Citizen Mikoyan will enjoy at least a cordial and instructive afternoon at the White House.

Let's Not Have No Trouble

"Draft Act Extension Is Sought To Avoid 'Hill' Row," the headline reads. The Universal Military Training and Service Act will lapse June 30, 1959. The act is conceded to be full of flaws and inequities, and nobody, from the Pentagon through Congress down to the draftees themselves, has much to say in its favor. It didn't fit any too well when it was passed, and since then the population has risen and the fit is worse. There are now 2,200,000 "1As" in the Selective Service manpower pool, and 1,200,000 young men reach military age (18½) each year. Many are ineligible, but only about 100,000 men are being drafted annually. With the law in force, the Army manages to maintain its strength of 900,000 and the other services keep up a semi-voluntary enlistment influx. The system works, after a fashion.

So Congress refuses to concern itself with the defects of the existing law and the ways in which it might be improved. "Our hope is simply to change the expiration date of the act to June 30, 1963," says Assistant Defense Secretary Charles C. Finucane, in charge of personnel. Administration strategy is to push through a simple extension of the present law to avoid "opening up a whole can of worms." This combination of inertia, fatigue, and political expediency is objectionable, especially in a matter which so vitally concerns the nation's youth.Defeat of the bill would be no calamity, but in any case the draft law should not be re-enacted without full consideration and debate. What else is the Congress for?

Non-Violence in Norfolk

North Pickenham in Norfolk, England, had been improved with an R.A.F. rocket base—presumably one of the IRBM *Thor* installations bestowed with typical American munificence on our British cousins. It appears, however, that not all Britishers have received the gift with gratitude. Thirty-six of them, including seven women, appeared in court charged with willfully obstructing the police. A poll showed that 25 of those arrested were under 40, 24 said they had no religion, and 22 supported no particular political party. They included library assistants, bricklayers, housewives, teachers, secretaries, a physiotherapist and a furniture designer. This heterogeneous group had proceeded to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rocket base, paused at the gate for a moment of silent prayer, and started to enter. A police superintendent addressed them. "I must warn you," he said, "that if you enter Air Ministry property you will be ejected. If you return you are liable to be arrested for obstructing the police and in addition, the organizers may also be charged with conspiracy." The leaders said politely that they would go in just the same. After they were removed, they returned and sat down in the road to block trucks entering. One woman darted into the path of a truck, but was thrown aside by a policeman. "I am doing this for my three children," she said. On arraignment, all 36 were remanded, 22 of them in custody.

Arms and the State, by Walter Millis, Harvey C. Mansfield and Harold Stein, contains a clue to the reasons for such unseemly behavior. After the Soviets exploded their first atom bomb, the authors relate, there ensued "one of the truly great debates of our times over military and foreign policy, perhaps more significant to history than the great debates over the League of Nations, over the approach to the Second World War or over the United Nations. But in two ways it was extraordinary: it was almost wholly secret, hidden in the upper recesses of government; while its decisions . . . were administrative rather than political in character." This is the modern trend of governments, democratic as well as dictatorial. The citizen can either relapse into apathy, or protest with whatever means are left to him. The demonstrators at North Pickenham chose one way, the Rev. Maurice McCrackin of Cincinnati, a pacifist who refuses to pay taxes, chose another. They are at least as good citizens as those who set no limits to the arrogance of their betters.

Santa Comes, Santa Goes

As is fitting at Christmastide, the good people of St. Louis, Missouri, rejoiced. Joy was especially unconfined in the neighborhood of the McDonnell Aircraft Corporation plant, where Santa Claus had just dropped in with an Air Force contract for F101B Voodoo airplanes in the amount of $136,523,635, and a hint that further orders amounting to more than $100 million were in the works. The $136 million order—let's not bother with small change like $523,000—brought McDonnell's unfinished business—all with the Government—up to more than $628 million. Santa Claus had made St. Louis even happier than it was before.

But Grand Prairie, Texas, near Dallas, where they need the money just as much as in St. Louis, was plunged in gloom. Chance Vought Aircraft, Inc., is to Grand Prairie as McDonnell Aircraft is to St. Louis; perhaps more so, since Grand Prairie's grandness is more in the name than in the population. On December 16, the Navy announced its decision to cancel $100 million in Chance Vought contracts for the Crusader III jet fighter, which it decided wasn't as good as McDonnell's F4H-1. Two days later the Navy canceled its Regulus II missile, for which Chance Vought was the prime contractor. This was hard on the Navy, too, for it had $78 million invested in the air-breathing missile, which unfortunately couldn't compete with the new-fangled ballistic missiles. This had been perfectly plain to everyone in the industry for about four years; still, like a death in the family, it was a blow when it came. A blow with widespread repercussions, for Chance Vought immediately laid off 1,400 workers and canceled hundreds of contracts with many of its 3,450 suppliers around the country. By January 1, at least another 1,500 employees will be without jobs.

House Speaker Sam Rayburn couldn't understand it. "We gave the Administration more money than it asked for," he groaned. Another Texan, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, fired off a telegram to Navy Secretary Thomas Gates: "I urge in the strongest possible terms that you consider spreading Navy contracts in such a way as to keep important industrial centers such as Dallas in a position where they can contribute to the national defense whenever they're needed."

Actually, Chance Vought isn't sinking. For the first nine months of this year it reported sales of $240,927,097, up from $145,474,079 in the like 1957 period. Net income was up from $3.13 per share in the 1957 period to $6.18 per share in the first nine months of this year. But when the cancellations struck, the company acted with swift efficiency. Since, under the union contract, workers reporting for work are entitled to four hours' pay, company officials were on the phone all night telling them not to report. The layoffs were "brutal," they agreed, but Chance Vought is no Santa Claus.

The New Abolitionists

A torrent of criticism has been directed against the House Committee on Un-American Activities during the long years of its inquisitorial reign, but efforts to abolish it have been sporadic. Representative James Roosevelt (D., Calif.) has promised that, when the new Congress convenes, he will propose an amendment to the rules which would abolish the committee. This latest effort at abolition is infused with energy and imagination. Last summer the Southern California Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, which has been opposing the committee and its activities for twenty years, decided that Congress should be asked to abolish it. When the committee visited Los Angeles early in September, on its annual scalp-hunting foray, it was met with full-page ads of protest in the local press, sponsored by the ACLU, and signed by a distinguished group of citizens. For the first time in this happiest of all its happy hunting grounds the committee was forced into a defensive position. The hearings were held in closed session, the testimony was not revealed to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

press, and none of the fifty persons subpoenaed lost his job as a result of unfavorable publicity. Meantime, the ACLU members, with an assist from other groups, began to circulate petitions calling for abolition. At last report, over 10,000 signatures had been obtained — something of a record in these days when the signing of petitions is still regarded as a mildly hazardous venture.

Mr. Roosevelt and his constituents may not succeed in this initial effort, but they have taken the right course and, sooner or later, they will succeed. There is no possible salvage in the committee. For twenty years it has specialized exclusively in wasteful and wicked activities. No point is to be served by trying to reform it, tace it, or endow it with good manners. The current chairman, Representative Francis Walter, is cleverly seeking to avoid abolition by suggesting that the committee be given a new grant of jurisdiction over immigration and passport matters. But giving it new functions would only augment the committee's power to work evil. Starving it, by cutting appropriations, might help some, but this is not the remedy. Since the committee cannot be reformed and has never served a useful purpose, it should be abolished.

Dissent at Washburn U.

We don't know what Washburn University of Topeka, Kansas (student body: 2,000), did on the gridiron last year, but it has an editorial fullback on the campus who deserves some kind of All America mention. It seems that *The Washburn Review,* the campus newspaper, was informed by local postal authorities that a pamphlet addressed to it, entitled *The German Democratic Republic: Its Universities and Students,* was undeliverable as "foreign political propaganda." The post office kindly explained, however, that there was a loophole in the law which would allow the insidious document from East Germany to slip through: if *The Washburn Review* would state that it had specifically requested the pamphlet from its publishers, the law would no longer consider it "foreign political propaganda," but a little old ordinary piece of mail, like a Christmas card or, perhaps, a pamphlet entitled *The United Kingdom: Its Universities and Students.*

But a *Review* editorial writer named Pete Caldwell, a young man of principle, wasn't having any end runs, and crashed straight ahead over center:

> The post office has been duly informed that this material was not requested by us. It has also been informed that, in view of the fact that it was mailed to us, we expect receipt of it by return mail. . . .
>
> It appears . . . that the United States is busily erecting for itself its peculiar brand of "Iron Curtain," complete with a committee of little men deciding for us what we may or may not be allowed to read. . . . In addition, of course, this is the ultimate insult to our intelligence, for it suggests rather openly that we are not to be trusted to exercise good judgment in our handling of controversial material . . . [that] we can be trusted to read only what the little men say we can read.

We suggest that Mr. Caldwell mail a copy of his lively attack on the strictures of censorship to the publishers of *The German Democratic Republic.* Perhaps — who knows? — they have as much to learn from it about the virtues of dissent as has the United States Post Office.

Voiceniks

The President's "Peace on Earth" message from on high was bound to come, and come soon, because the mutually intimidating, I've-got-a-bigger-bomb-than-you-have threat-race was rapidly heading for a stalemate, if not for a showdown. Although the President's Voicenik will lead, as we shall forthwith demonstrate, to Russian-American competition on a new level of decibels instead of H-bombs, it might be of passing interest, first, to follow that now-superseded bomb-argument to what would, before long, have become its logical conclusion.

Two countries, A and B, or A and R, are needed to play this game; either one may begin (high throw of dice decides). Let us say that A begins. A says, "I can blow up a whole city of yours."

R: "Well, I can blow up a whole state of yours."

A: "Your whole country."

R: "Your whole hemisphere."

A: "The whole world."

R: "The whole world into dust barely visible."

A: "I can blow up the whole world into particles invisible without the help of a high-powered microscope."

R: "I can blow up the whole world into original invisible atoms."

A: "I can do that, and the same to the moon and the planets."

R: "I can take on earth, moon, planets, and the whole universe, and your father and your uncle."

A: "All right. I give up."

The contestants then shake hands, the winner to take on any other challenger who has the minimum of one atom bomb or seventeen infantry divisions needed to qualify.

But that old game will soon join mah-jongg on the closet shelf; the Voicenik era is now with us. Instead of the old threats, each competing country—and again we take Russia and America as typical contestants—tries to drive the other off its rocker by continually repeating the most-feared, most-dangerous sounds in its arsenal. And it will not be an easy victory: Americans, inured by years of singing-commercial-listening, and Russians, equally numbed by Communist slogans, will both be tough to crack. To the victor the spoils: it will have been a good,clean, hard-fought battle.

And—a blessing to all concerned—nobody need tune in who doesn't want to.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NON-INTERVENTION AGAIN . . *by Jane Stolle*

FRANCO is getting away with murder, and the United States sits idly by. Secretary Dulles would say: Good, that's what we should do; we do not meddle in the internal affairs of another ("friendly") country. The Pentagon would add that we have a complex of military bases in Spain and, if we look too closely at Franco, they might go away. (Definition of the Cold War: military policy supersedes moral principle.) But where are the "friends" of Pasternak, of Maleter and Nagy? Where are the screams of yesteryear that reached all the way to Moscow?

What does it take to rouse Americans to indignation nowadays? Will blood have to run in the streets of Madrid, Sevilla and Barcelona—as it did in Hungary—before voices are raised? The 150-250 Spanish lawyers, doctors, teachers, writers and workers who are jailed in the labyrinthine bowels of the dreaded Security Police headquarters, on and below Madrid's gay Puerta del Sol square, made a mistake. They were anti-Franco as well as anti-Communist.

Does anyone care about them? A few. In Belgium, a half-dozen political leaders and a few hundred students have protested; so have the Executive Committee of the British Labor Party, the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions and the Congress for Cultural Freedom.

In the United States, twenty-one American writers and other professional people, including Carson McCullers, Bruce Barton, Jr., Saul Bellow, Norman Mailer, Alfred Kazin, Harold Solomon and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, signed a telegram drafted by Solomon and his wife and, on the eve of the tenth anniversary of Human Rights Day, sent it to U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold: "Have these men been arbitrarily arrested? Have they been advised of any criminal charges against them? . . . Will they have a fair and public trial by an independent and impartial tribunal? . . ." All these are tenets of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights of the U.N., of which Spain is a member.

These were the voices raised: all well-intentioned, all indignant, but with a decibel count to reach Franco's ears like a stage whisper. Yet, as has been proven, Franco's ears are sensitive to public opinion—when it's from outside Spain and it's loud enough. For instance:

Film director Juan Bardem (*Death of a Cyclist; Welcome, Mr. Marshall*) was among the hundreds "detained" in the winter of '56, when student demonstrations erupted into street fighting. Bardem's films, it seems, much too often carried overtones of criticism, even ridicule, of the ruling class. So, in the middle of a scene of the film, *Main Street,* which he was shooting with actress Betsey Blair (of *Marty*), he was "detained."

The news eventually leaked across the border to France, and the reaction was immediate. French writers and figures in the theatrical world organized protest meetings; newspapers carried the story in big print; film organizations brought the case forcibly to the attention of the French distributors of Spanish films. A big fuss was made which spread to film circles in other countries. Two weeks after Bardem was "detained" —during which time no charges were preferred against him—he went back to finish his film.

IT MAY SEEM inconsonant with Franco's role as the lonest wolf among dictators, this sensitivity to foreign public opinion. Indeed, it could be said that he didn't give a hoot, in 1946, when the U.N. members turned their diplomatic backs on him, and called home those ambassadors who had sat out World War II in Madrid, watching Franco "neutrality" furnishing Germany with aid and comfort. He was glad, for a while, because even his tattered enemies in Spain rallied round him, their pride piqued at the global snub. But then there were a few years of drought in agricultural Spain, and the hungry opposition started grumbling again. Along about then, our bases in Morocco began to look impermanent, and Franco began to look very good to the Pentagon. The General there, and the generals here, eventually found they shared the same interests. After all, Franco had enemies at home, we had them abroad. Six U.S. naval and air bases are the result.

Franco was now a respectable member of international society, although official recognition of the fact came a bit later, when Secretary of State Dulles got his old friend and former legal client into UNESCO and the U.N. Then Franco began to care. He wanted to be loved. He *said* there was freedom of the press in Spain. When American correspondents doubted his word—at a press conference—he replied that there was "freedom of murmuration." His very words. For the sake of UNESCO and the United States, he even tried to show that free elections were held in Spain, one ill-fated time, when he allowed anti-Falangist Monarchists to run against Government party candidates in municipal elections. To his consternation, even the most left-wing "rabble" rallied to the Monarchist side, and the Government's subsequent juggling of the voting figures was embarrassingly inept (though, of course, successful). That, as far as free elections go, was that.

However, as the most recent "detainees" can testify, Franco doesn't attempt to fool the Spaniards with any such "freedoms" nonsense. What is more, he hasn't even tried to call his latest victims Communists. He would have a hard time doing so. Let's look at a partial list: Antonio Villar, attorney, of the law firm of Antonio Garrigues, a Monarchist and lawyer for the U.S. Embassy in Madrid; Edmond Valles, lawyer and writer, the head of one of Spain's top publishing companies; Manuel Garrido, industrialist; Joaquin Pradera, nephew of the present Spanish Ambassador to Tunisia.

And so on. There are textile workers, students, small merchants on the list, too, but even they—more defenseless than the others—have not been painted as Communists. These young men (they are nearly all under forty) are apparently guilty of the crime of being democrats. Their subversive activities consist of trying to amalgamate anti-Communist elements all over Spain so that when Franco goes, the country need not fall inevitably into the organized arms of the military or the clandestine Communist Party—or into chaos.

Franco, it seems, would prefer chaos. He would then have a better

(Continued on next page)

JANE STOLLE, The Nation's *U.N. correspondent, was stationed in Madrid as a journalist from 1951-56.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from preceding page)
chance of history exonerating him of the lie that he has lived: that he has kept peace for twenty years under the most difficult conditions, and that his repressive methods were necessary. He, as a general, must know better than anyone that unless the future is carefully planned, his passing will mean a fight to the death among the remaining generals for power. As for a democratic future for Spain, he considers that a fate worse than death. A monarchy, perhaps—but no nonsense about parliamentary limitations on the monarch, who must be a puppet of the army, the Church, the right wing of the Falange. In any case, the sixty-five-year-old dictator, despite occasional hints to the contrary, is going to sit firmly on his throne (Spain is technically a monarchy) until events or death push him off. Meanwhile, he "detains" forward-looking Spaniards who would like to plan for peace while there is still time.

So the traditionally disparate elements among Franco's opposition are meeting in dim cafes and in modest homes with a view to settling their differences now, rather than later in street riots. Three years ago, when this rapprochement was still at a very early stage, I heard a seventy-year-old *Grandee*—a Monarchist, of course—offer his support to a young "democrat" intellectual just released from jail. We sat in a book-lined study, speaking low, "because you never know about the servants."

Meanwhile, there are reports of financial scandals in Spain involving bigwigs like Juan March. Few will want to defend Senor March, but it is interesting to note into what powerful circles the opposition to Franco has infiltrated.

Perhaps Dulles is right. Maybe it is their problem, and theirs alone. But then, why raise our voices when people are victimized by Communist dictatorships? Where injustice is concerned, can we only see Red?

New York's Newspaper Strike . . *by Fred J. Cook*

New York, December 26

A RACKET-RIDDEN newspaper deliverers union, twice defying its own leadership, has closed every major newspaper in New York, has kept them closed for more than two weeks and, at this writing, threatens to keep them closed indefinitely. A union of some 2,000 members—ex-convicts prominent in its ranks, shakedowns and loan-sharking its lucrative sidelines—has demonstrated its power to hamstring the entire newspaper industry and to black out the nation's largest city from any comprehensive report of the news of the nation and the world. This is the tragic truth behind the New York newspaper strike.

The strike has been disowned by all the other large and more reputable unions in the newspaper business. It has been a disaster for all involved: for the newspapers, many already walking a financial tightrope; for thousands of furloughed workers cast out of jobs in winter, at Christmas time; for a wide variety of businesses that cannot get their messages to the public and have lost, are losing, millions of dollars in potential revenue; for the public itself, which has been finding it impossible, without newspapers, to keep in intelligent contact with the daily events of the world. And, lastly, for decent unions which cannot fail to be hurt by the backfire of public reaction against a strike without perceivable issue or justifiable cause. For all of these groups, the newspaper deliverers strike, called after it had been—to all appearances—satisfactorily settled, has been an unmitigated disaster.

No strike of modern times burst more suddenly, more unexpectedly upon the public of New York. On December 9, *The New York Times* reported happily: "A strike by delivery workers against nine New York newspapers was settled yesterday." Just twenty-four hours later, *The Times* and all other New York newspapers were off the street. And on Thursday, Dec. 11, the papers, unable to get deliveries, suspended publication.

What were the causes of this city-wide shutdown? Some are still obscure, but this is the surface sequence:

Representatives of the Publishers Association of New York City and the unaffiliated Newspaper and Mail Deliverers Union had been engaged in protracted negotiations for a new contract. The strike had actually been called at 12.01 a.m. December 8, when pickets had been thrown about the plants of the morning papers; but just eight hours later, the pickets had been withdrawn after night-long negotiations brought apparent agreement.

The basis of the agreement was the same wage package negotiated with the New York Newspaper Guild in November. The truck drivers and deliverymen, already getting a base wage of $103.50 for a 40-hour week, would have received a $7 weekly increase spread over two years, $4 the first year and $3 the second. The weight of paper bundles handled by the deliverers was to be cut from 53 to 50 pounds (instead of the 40 pounds the union had been asking). The new contract also provided for three days' leave for union members when there was a death in the immediate family. These were the gains. The union, on the other hand, abandoned its demands for a 35-hour week, twelve holidays instead of eight, four weeks' vacation instead of three, sick leave and a $10 wage increase to include pension, welfare and fringe benefits. Obviously, the union had left many of its demands at the bargaining table, but this is

FRED J. COOK is a crime reporter on one of New York City's metropolitan dailies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost routine in any negotiation. It had still made gains, and Samuel Feldman, its president, evidently believing that the gains would be satisfactory to the membership, disbanded the pickets and called off the strike. But Feldman guessed wrong. In day-long balloting on December 9, the membership repudiated the recommended contract, and the strike was on.

Other unions, both the craft unions and the Newspaper Guild representing editorial and commercial employees, crossed the deliverers' picket lines and reported for work. All of the nine New York newspapers printed on December 10, but they could not distribute. Faced with heavy financial losses, they suspended publication on December 11 and furloughed workers by the thousands.

THE effects of the strike were immediate and almost incalculable. For the newspapers themselves, it represented the worst kind of financial disaster. The repression year had been a hard one. Not until fall had advertising revenues begun to pick up in line with business recovery, and most of the papers had looked forward to heavy Christmas advertising to bail out the year. The strike came just at the time to kill off this revenue. For some of the afternoon papers, the editions of December 10 and 11 had been scheduled to contain the heaviest advertising of the year; for the morning papers, the bonanza was in their Sunday editions of December 14. According to the Associated Press, the Sunday papers had scheduled $3.8 millions in advertising. The strike wiped it out.

These were only the immediate effects. The long-range repercussions may be even more disastrous. While it is not generally realized, the New York newspaper operation today is largely a marginal one financially. Of all the major dailies, only two, *The Daily News* and *The New York Times*, reap the kind of huge gross revenues that insure considerable profit. Despite strike insurance, about which publishers are always extremely reticent, there is a distinct possibility that some of the other papers may not be able to absorb the kind of losses entailed in the wiping out of all Christmas advertising and the complete shutdown of business; one ultimate effect of a prolonged strike might be that the drastically-narrowed New York newspaper field will be curtailed still further by the folding or merger of some of the existing papers.

THIS IS the grim newspaper picture. But more than the newspapers themselves have been hurt by this strike. The public and business generally have suffered.

The Associated Press estimated that the strike in its first week had cost at least $13 millions. Some 15,000 skilled newspaper workers had been thrown out of jobs and lost $1.5 millions in wages. Many lines of business were adversely affected. The entertainment industry was especially hard-hit. One night club, billing the opening of a top-name star, reported it had only 25 per cent of the normal quota of customers. The legitimate theatres, except for the few with hit shows which were sold out well in advance, were frustrated by inability to call their offerings to the attention of the public. A spokesman for the motion-picture industry estimated that attendance was off 20 per cent. Restaurants lost business. So did neighborhood shops and some department stores. A spokesman for the Newsdealers Association of Greater New York estimated that more than 90 percent of the association's 2,000 members had closed down for the duration of the strike. Some department stores reported the normal Christmas rush, but one estimated that the loss of mail and telephone orders had cut weekly receipts 5 to 8 per cent. One large Brooklyn department store cut its Sunday telephone-order salesmen by 75 per cent, and while a spokesman wouldn't estimate how much orders had dropped, he said: "It's like comparing a whole lot with practically nothing."

For the general public, news became a rare commodity. Sketchy radio and television bulletins quickly proved no substitute for the detailed news accounts and analyses of the daily papers.

In such manner was the life of New York disrupted by a relatively small union, long known as the most irresponsible in the newspaper business. The independent Newspaper and Mail Deliverers Union is a vestigial remnant from the days when newspapers engaged in fierce circulation wars and it was considered almost routine to crack skulls to insure priority on the news stands. Times have changed, but not the deliverers union.

While it would be unfair to tar its entire membership with the racket label, it is indisputable that the union harbors many ex-convicts, that its rank-and-file contains a disproportionate number of chiselers and toughs, and that the activities of this element lend a character to the whole. It is a closed and tightly-knit unit. Its membership originally was limited to sons and close male relatives of members, but outsiders have found a way in through the payoff. Talk to circulation personnel on the papers or to members of the union itself, and you'll hear stories of as much as $5,000 being paid for a union card; the more usual price is in the neighborhood of $500.

Obviously, when a man pays $500 or $5,000 for his membership ticket, he expects to get his money back—and not just by earning $103 a week as a truck driver. He is looking for a bigger take, and he doesn't much care whether he gets it by shakedown, by an out-and-out underworld racket, or both. This is the basis of the corruption that has given the union as a whole much of its unsavory character.

THE UNION unquestionably harbors men who are loan sharks, policy-runners, bookies. Officials of other unions with intimate knowledge of the personnel and activities of the deliverers insist, too, that the union sometimes serves as a labor reservoir for big-time racketeers; that its members sometimes drive the trucks in hijacking jobs when the loot may be coffee, perfume or furs.

These are the major rackets, but the penny-ante chisel isn't overlooked. Some deliverers continually steal papers from blind and handicapped newsdealers; a rather common practice is the extortion of 50 cents or $1 a week from each newsdealer on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

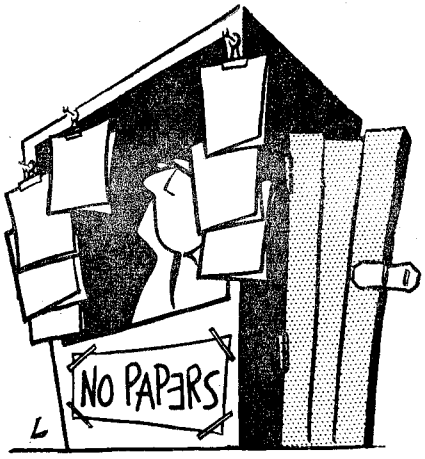
a route to guarantee that he gets his papers delivered at the same time as his neighboring competitor. If he doesn't pay, he suddenly finds that he has no papers to sell.

Discussing these practices, a spokesman for the Independent Blind Newsboys Association described the deliverers in these scathing terms: "These are dogs—dogs. They steal from blind men, from old widows, from cripples with no hands and no legs."

SUCH IS the deliverers union—a union in which one local business agent was actually elected to his post while he was serving time in Sing Sing for embezzlement. Such is the union that closed up the newspapers of New York. The inevitable question arises: What could the publishers have done about it?

They were on an unenviable spot. Granted that they have been saddled with a tough union inherited from the brawling past, their only hope lay in placating it with a contract good enough to keep the men on the job. They obviously had the right to think they had achieved such a contract in the negotiations of December 8, when Feldman and his negotiating committee agreed to terms and pulled pickets off the lines. The surprise revolt of the rank-and-file, the strike that became instantly a *fait accompli* without time for further discussion or negotiation, caught the publishers by surprise, cost them millions in revenues and hardened them, not unnaturally, into a stand of utter intransigence.

The publishers' first reaction was to pull back the contract they had already offered and to insist that they would give nothing. It was an untenable maneuver and one that was strategically ill-advised, because it could only arouse tempers and solidify the opposition. Federal mediators talked the publishers out of this stand, and Feldman and Asher Schwartz, union counsel, both of whom apparently sincerely wanted a settlement, agreed to re-submit the original and once-rejected proposal to a union membership meeting on December 16. Mediators, it is understood, tried to get the publishers to agree to some additional, relatively



inconsequential, but face-saving concessions. The publishers refused. It was to be the original pact hammered out on December 8—or nothing.

The answer was, almost inevitably —nothing. Yet the manner in which nothingness was achieved was in itself a graphic illustration of the problem the publishers faced. Practically the entire union membership of more than 2,000 men turned out for the meeting to decide whether they should take a formal vote the next day on the contract. But it was evident almost from the start that decision rested not with the overwhelming mass of the rank and file, but with a hard and organized core that had come prepared to wrest power from the hands of Feldman and Schwartz.

They came early, in a phalanx. They pre-empted all the front seats in the meeting hall, forming a solid bloc of strength, prepared placards ready to wave on signal. Leaders of the group held whispered conferences, couriers scurried out with messages, circulated in the rear of the hall, came back for further instructions. When Feldman tried to speak on the proposal, so much noise was made that hardly anyone could hear him. When an expression of sentiment was finally asked, it was overwhelming—about 80 per cent shouting and stamping their decision not to reconsider the contract.

The collapse of this second attempt to achieve settlement on the original terms canceled out all chance the papers had to resume publication in the week before Christmas and recoup some of their lost advertising. The attitude of the publishers stiffened as a result. Mayor Robert F. Wagner offered his services as a mediator; but his aides frankly confessed there was little he could do. Having failed to avert the strike, having lost millions in revenues, the publishers seemed determined not to give away even a single well-gnawed bone.

It is not hard to sympathize with them under the circumstances, even when one is, like myself, a strong union man who has walked a picket line. The plain facts—and the tragic facts to a union man—are that this is a strike it is impossible to justify, called by a union that, in all conscience, it is impossible to support. Even union spokesmen explaining their needs on the radio did not sound very convincing. They explained that the union wanted improvements in sick leave and holidays, and a shorter work week. One desire of the union obviously was to make a start in the direction of the Guild's 35-hour week; but since delivery times cannot be cut, this means the piling up of overtime and additional heavy expense to the papers—something that, in their present mood, the publishers have not been prepared to grant. In any event, nothing in the package seemed to warrant or to justify the kind of strangling strike that emerged.

BEYOND this, expert reporters who have watched the progress of the strike and have covered the union meetings have come away with the definite feeling that the whole contract-strike issue may have been used as a power play in the inner warfare of a racket-spattered union. Obviously, there was some genuine dissatisfaction among the rank-and-file over the terms of the proffered contract; and obviously, this was a sentiment that could be whipped up and exploited to discredit the leadership of Feldman.

The opportunity, it seems, presented itself for ruthless men to turn this undercurrent to their own purposes. If they could repudiate the contract Feldman had been prepared to sign, if they could bludgeon better terms from the publishers, they would put themselves in an almost unassailable position with the rank-and-file. And

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

control of this kind of union could mean all kinds of plums.

Many suspect this kind of motivation behind the scenes of the deliverymen's strike. The suspicion, though seemingly well-founded, cannot now be verified, partly because the leaders of the well-organized clique haven't publicly revealed themselves. Even after rejecting consideration of a contract for the second time, the real powers in the union let Feldman and the original negotiators remain out in front. This left leaders of the rump movement in a comfortable shadow-land of obscurity, and all that can be told today is what has been observed of the activities of some of the individuals who have appeared most industrious in whipping up strike sentiment.

One of the most active agitators, a man who has circulated widely among various locals, is the possessor of a long criminal record. He was once convicted in connection with a nationally-rigged policy game, run by the highest echelons of the underworld, with a take high in the millions. This unsavory emissary is reported to be boosting the political capital of another ex-convict, with a record as long and unprepossessing as his own, as Feldman's possible successor. The character of these men and the extent of their activity suggests that the terms of a labor contract may have been a mere pawn in a richer and more rewarding game, looking to control of the union and the more remunerative of its rackets.

And the corollary to that is that the newspapers of the nation's greatest city—and the public—have been used as pawns, too.

NOTES on the LABOR FRONT . . *by B. J. Widick*

Detroit

THE CURRENT rash of strikes over the country has become sufficiently widespread to require some stocktaking. Are these strikes "normal"; i.e., neither more nor less than might be expected in the relationship between mature trade unions and responsible management? Or are they symptoms of a new trend in labor relations?

Surely some strange things have been happening on the labor scene lately. Who would have thought, two years ago, that airline hostesses—who once "froze up" at the mere mention of the word union—would today be proudly participating in picket lines? Why has the strike, so long considered primarily the weapon of the uneducated, unskilled worker, been taken up by those aristocrats of labor, the airline pilots? Who could have expected that office workers would close down mighty Chrysler for nearly a week after the U.A.W. and the Big Three auto companies had signed three-year contracts allegedly heralding a new era of labor peace? (The writer considers this Chrysler shut-down the most significant strike of the year.) The brief newspaper strike at the Washington *Star,* the longer and bigger newspaper tie-up in New York, furnish additional evidence that "unionism as usual"—that is, an amicable relationship between management and labor—is becoming increasingly difficult to maintain.

It has been observed that a basic shift is taking place in the employment structure, with service and so-called white-collar segments beginning to surpass, numerically, manufacturing employees. This may be so, but the inferences some have drawn—that labor will become increasingly conservative — may be wrong. Rather, the trend may signify the opening of a new area of potential conflict between trade unions and management.

* *

THERE are other symptoms on the industrial front that need watching. At the moment, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company has been shut down by a long strike, and the Ex-Cell-O Corporation walkout has entered its ninth week without negotiations between the U.A.W. and the corporation. Are we about to witness some more "Kohler situations"? As if the revolt of the skilled workers in the auto industry had not been sufficiently turbulent to date, there is today a deadlock between the Automotive Tool and Die Manufacturers Association and the two large local unions which represent skilled workers in eighty shops in the Detroit area. The plants are operating without contracts and the association has utilized this fact to eliminate coffee-break and wash-up time in all its shops, and to clamp restrictions on both the number of union committeemen and the time they may spend on grievances. By these unilateral actions, the association has created an explosive situation which this city is watching with concern.

Once again Chrysler Corporation has been hit, this time by a bitter strike at the Dodge plant; and it was just three weeks ago that, in another major auto plant here, a first-class riot of assembly workers was barely averted by the frantic efforts of union leaders. It may be difficult to believe, but early in December a major auto corporation had to obtain a court injunction to prevent unemployed auto workers from picketing in protest against overtime work scheduled for those fortunate enough to be working. Little attention has been paid to the tragic spectacle of young, unemployed steel workers in the Pittsburgh area marching in front of steel plants with placards reading: "We went on strike to win you pensions. Why don't you retire?" The plea was directed, of course, to employees inside the plants with seniority sufficient for retirement.

Perhaps most symbolic of all is

B. J. WIDICK, who has written extensively on labor problems, is co-author, with Irving Howe, of The U.A.W. and Walter Reuther.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sad sight of unemployed skilled and assembly-line workers picketing Walter Reuther's U.A.W. headquarters this fall as their form of protest against the unemployment mess that remains in Michigan.

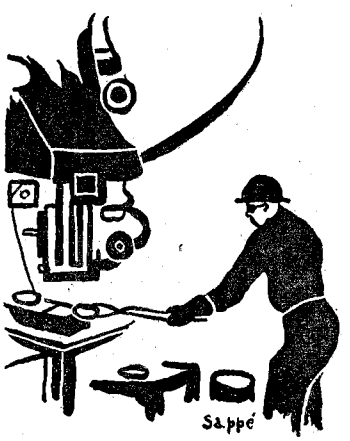
Of course, one of the aggravating factors in labor-management relations has been the defeat last November of the so-called right-to-work laws in several states. Labor's political victory in this important area has tended to increase the hostility which many industrialists felt toward it. On the other hand, labor's affection for management was not exactly heightened by the candid admission, by a Republican national committeeman in Ohio, that he had warned industrialists against making right-to-work a major campaign issue, but had been overruled by big-industry supporters of the Republican Party. An intriguing aspect of these developments is the fact that the labor leaders themselves apparently were so far removed from the thinking of their own ranks, and that of the common voter, that the defeat of the right-to-work laws came as a surprise to them, especially in heavily-industrialized Ohio.

Concurrently the ranks of labor, with or without reason, have regained considerable self-confidence by the landslide victory of the Democratic Party—a self-confidence which had been badly shaken under the impact of the recession. It seems as if the bulk of the American trade-union leadership is now caught between the hardening of management attitudes and a rising belligerence on the part of its own ranks.

Another significant factor in the field of labor relations has been the increasing activity and continued successes of Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters Union. While Hoffa has more than held his own in the multiplicity of court battles involving his union, and in gaining favorable publicity in his organizing campaigns, his most important victory, perhaps, has gone largely unnoticed outside the labor movement. This is his triumph in organizing the warehouse and delivery workers of the huge J. L. Hudson Company here, hitherto an open-shop citadel for twenty years. Recently a labor reporter interviewed hundreds of rank-and-filers in Hoffa's own local and found that Hoffa is popular with his men. But how does one account for the fact that the teamster chief could so easily win a free election here after all the unfavorable publicity he and his union have received, and in a field where the AFL-CIO has had a record of almost complete failure? Is it any wonder that Hoffa feels he can organize Sears, Roebuck's 75,000 employees, that his stature among rank-and-file workers increases in spite of all the charges of corruption which have been hurled against him and his associates?

* *

THE combination of political, economic and social pressures at work in the labor scene, as well as the rivalry among trade-union leaders, has come increasingly under the observation of analysts of the labor movement. A. H. Raskin of *The New York Times,* wrote recently, "Any effort by management to undermine unions or by unions to undermine management can lead to a form of class struggle that is senseless when the contenders on both sides are so firmly dedicated to the free enterprise system." Mr. Raskin concluded: "With Nikita Khrushchev again warning that the Communist world intends to destroy us by outproducing us, the need is for a joint search for formulas for survival, not mutual destruction." Arthur J. Goldberg, general counsel for the AFL-CIO, put the matter somewhat differently: "If we are to believe the political and business spokesmen of industry, labor and its allies are determined to socialize America, which everyone knows is plainly nonsense. And to be fair, I have just read a speech from an outstanding and respected labor leader charging a great American corporation with seeking a Fascist America—a charge which, in my opinion, is equally nonsensical." The trouble is that at the moment extreme ideas of this kind are spreading on both sides.



George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, told a New York union convention recently: "Labor is going to be just as political as it has to be to win its objectives. I have always said we don't want our own political party, but if we have to do that to lick the people who want to drag us back to the past, we will start our own political party." Walter Reuther has attempted to soften the impact of this statement, but it remains significant. Parenthetically, Reuther's obsession with proving his conservatism at every opportunity may well be Senator Barry Goldwater's greatest personal triumph; it is obvious that the reporters who queried Reuther on Meany's statement had expected the U.A.W. chief to talk the kind of "political realignment" language that marked his more radical speeches of ten years ago.

* *

IN THE context of the current situation, Mr. Goldberg's proposal for a labor-management assembly (similar to the United Nations Assembly) does not seem likely to have much chance of acceptance by either management or large sectors of the trade-union movement. If both sides now find it difficult to live with contracts mutually agreed upon after strenuous bargaining, what forces could prevail on them to reach agreement in wider areas in which no immediate economic pressure exists to induce agreement? It is difficult to see how a joint conference of management, labor and government could allay the fears of 17,000 New York longshoremen who recently paraded in protest against the threat of automation. Or how the auto industry and the U.A.W., bound by the strait jacket of a three-year contract, could say anything significant to the 120,000 auto workers who, according to the Michigan Employment Security Commission, will be permanently displaced

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

next year throughout Michigan by the impact of automation. Management's intransigent attitude toward right-to-work laws and its disavowal of social responsibility for the unemployed scarcely offer the proper background for a worthwhile conference.

David J. McDonald of the Steelworkers Union and Benjamin F. Fairless of U. S. Steel may retain a high regard for each other, but can either of them control the steam built up by the demands of the Steelworkers Union in advance of next summer's negotiations with the steel industry, especially since automation has already displaced at least 200,000 steelworkers who dream—as the auto workers once did—that a shorter work week could solve their problem?

* *

THE theory of amicable coexistence between trade unions and big business worked, by and large, in the last decade primarily because an expanding economy and relative prosperity enabled both sides to feel that basic progress was being made. Now conditions have been changed by two new and decisive factors. The first is the existence of a permanent strata of unemployed, including many previously unionized workers. The other is the weight that the social and political influence of sixteen million organized workers has given the trade-union movement—a weight which has not been sufficiently understood either by industrial leaders or, in many cases, by trade-union spokesmen.

In the background of these new and varied developments, far too little attention has been paid to the observation of that great scholar of the labor movement, John R. Commons, who wrote in 1932: "The labor movement is always a reaction to and a protest against capitalism." What forms this protest may take is the big question facing American society in the coming period. At the present time this much may be said authoritatively: the pace of the reaction and protest has quickened far more than most observers foresaw.

THE CULTURE OF POLITICS . . . by Raymond Williams

Oxford, England

THERE IS A marked change in current social thinking in Britain, so marked that we can begin to think of it as a movement. It is never easy to give the history of these changes, but I can offer some personal evidence, and a personal assessment. In 1950, when I began work on my *Culture and Society* [just published by Columbia University Press] I felt deeply isolated (not only in politics—though by then the Labor Government was almost everything I had been brought up to oppose—but also in deeper terms, in the whole sense of a community of effective social values. My book was a response to that situation: an attempt to recover and revalue the tradition to which I felt I belonged; a further attempt to begin restating and extending this tradition, in mid-twentieth-century society. I felt isolated, but I was not in fact alone. Now, in the later fifties, I find myself part of an effective movement of ideas, most of them wrought out in those years of baffled withdrawal. I realized this most clearly when I read the recent symposium, *Conviction.** I had been invited to contribute to this, knowing hardly any of the other contributors, never meeting them to discuss any kind of line. Yet what came through in *Conviction,* when for the first time, with the book published, I read my fellow contributors, was just that effective community of values, in many different fields and from many kinds of training, which in 1950 I had looked for in vain.

There were other, equally important signs. There was Richard Hoggart's *The Uses of Literacy,* which I could not wholly accept, but which brilliantly identified the complex of concerns that seemed to me decisive. Then, quite independently, a group of young men in their twenties had begun the *Universities and Left Review,* and started the liveliest movement of social ideas, among a young generation, since the thirties. Both Hoggart and I were delighted, if surprised, to discover that what they were interested in was what we had been working on. Neither was cause or effect; it was a genuine confluence. The first signs had come earlier, in certain aspects of the work of Osborne, Amis and Wain. Distinctly, in 1955, there was a revolt against the established categories and currency. Nevertheless, at that time, politics were not, in the famous phrase, "about us." In the last three years, and with gathering momentum, this too has been changed. But the politics that are about us are what I am calling here the politics of culture.

Many events can be cited, which might serve to explain these changes. Butskellism, not merely in the stagnation of its politics, but in the smugness of its social assumptions, provoked a very deep, if largely negative, reaction. The beginning of commercial television was the decisive sign that a paternalist culture, as represented by the BBC at its best, could in fact not hold. Popular journalism was getting worse and, in the cost-pressure after Korea, an alarming polarization of the press became evident: the best papers gaining slowly, the worst papers gaining rapidly, and the compromise middle papers losing very heavily, in all classes and age-groups. There was

RAYMOND WILLIAMS, author of Culture and Society *and other books, teaches Extension and Adult Education courses at Oxford University.*

**Conviction,* published in 1958 in England, was an attempt to restate Socialist values by twelve prominent British writers, all under forty years of age. It was edited by Norman Mackenzie of the *New Statesman,* and published by McGibbon and Kee, London.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another illusion going: that a good, healthy, cultural range, at varying but continuous levels, was the necessary pattern of our future. Other, more spectacular events had their influence. Suez provoked real anger, and brought politics on to the streets again. The hydrogen bomb sent young people marching and campaigning for the first time since the thirties. Hungary had the important effect of breaking the barriers on the intellectual Left, bringing scores of good men out of Britain's Communist Party and leading immediately to another part of this movement—the redefinition of Socialist humanism which *The New Reasoner* was founded to explore. These are all vital factors; but events could change again, and the movement die away, if its basis were only reactions of this kind. Suppose, for instance, that Labor won the next election: would our objects have been achieved? In fact, though we shall work for Labor to win, I doubt if any of us, in this movement I am describing, feels that such a government would be of much more than negative value. We should hope for changes, but one of the things we would be trying to change is the Labor Establishment we had helped to return. The movement, if I am right, runs deeper than parliamentary change.

THE DECISIVE factor, in my view, is a fundamental and, I think, irreversible *social* change. We have heard a lot, recently, about the "scholarship boys," the young men from working-class homes who have got to university and stared round at an established middle-class culture. They have, in fact, been around for some time, as the odd, gray-haired scholarship boy will remind us. But there has been, in the fifties, a decisive change in these young men *as a class*. D. H. Lawrence had to choose between Bloomsbury and New Mexico; he chose, very wisely, New Mexico. But, with occasional exceptions like Lawrence, what was offered, before 1939, was assimilation, either into the ordinary middle class, or into its cultural fringe. Middle-class English intellectuals, who still think of class as a natural organ like the liver, kept emphasizing how difficult it was for the poor boys; how unhappy and nervous or brash it would make them, having to mix with so brilliant a society, with different livers. They even invented a pseudo-category called "inter-class stress," and started explaining unhappy marriages in its terms, wholly confusing personal and sociological facts. What did not occur to them, yet is in fact quite obvious, is that to get into the English middle class, socially, is a terribly easy thing. The differences the old middle-class preserves are trivial; blow on them and they are little more than dust. And the people in question, the scholarship boys, were, of all people, those who could adjust very easily; who had got their scholarships, in fact, largely because they had adjusted adequately to the way of life the schools and universities were offering them. My estimate is that it takes, at longest, about two years, for a clever working-class boy to become an indistinguishable middle-class Englishman, always supposing that this is what he wants to be. And the evidence is that this is in fact what happens to the great majority. Sectarian politics was almost the only alternative course.

In the fifties, there is an obvious change. Such young men are more numerous, and gain confidence from each other. More particularly, having had a long look at it, they are increasingly clear on one thing at least: that middle-class Englishness of the old kind is not for them. Amis made fun of it; Osborne swore at it: those were the first healthy signs. Still, they were negative signs; the alternative was lacking. Americanism, to many, seemed to be such an alternative. Already, on the radio, American or Canadian accents were popular, and British people of all kinds were picking them up for the primary reason that they went right outside the British class-accent complex. Many of our younger writers are doing at their level what English popular singers are doing at theirs: becoming pseudo-Americans as an escape from the old impasse of class. It is understandable, but it is still only play-acting. The decisive importance of this recent movement is that it is attached, socially, neither to the English middle class nor to the crude imitation of aspects of Americanism, but to the way of life from which most of these young men have come—the way of life of the English working class.

Here is the center of the movement; here the creative problems and challenges. In detail, there is still confusion and controversy, but in atmosphere, unmistakably, there is confidence, dedication and a sudden extraordinary release of energy. Nobody is entitled to speak for the movement as a whole, but certain common attitudes are clear. The attachment to the working class is not, for example, the romantic over-valuation of the beautiful poor, of which there have been many previous examples. The life is known too personally and directly for anything so abstract. Certain virtues are valued, in particular that complex of irony, tolerance and charity which most working-class communities have kept as a saving strength. At the same time—and Hoggart, particularly, has stressed this—this complex has been easily exploited, has in some ways invited exploitation, by the advertisers, the popular persuaders, the professional opponents of social change. There is also very little romanticism about the externals of working-class life—the nostalgia for the back-kitchen, the cloth-cap, the local accent. These are a part of our childhood, but we do not want to go back to them, in any simple regression. The fact is that English working-class life is, in these respects, changing very rapidly. The families are coming out of the back streets into the new housing estates, and everyone is glad of this, though it has recently been valuably emphasized, by the lively Institute of Community Studies, that the old family and neighborhood patterns must not be surrendered simply for better houses and equipment; that these patterns, in fact, must become the social basis of the new estates.

IN ALL THIS, there is one very important factor: that we are trying to think, not what might be best for the working people considered as objects of benevolent social change, but what we and our families, who are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the working people, ourselves want. This same principle applies to recent thinking about education and the welfare services: not what should be done for the poor and the underprivileged, leading to the old thinking about minimum standards, but what common services we all need, and what scales and attitudes in them we ourselves are prepared to accept. This emphasis is a result of the movement of so many working-class boys into professional work, and of the simultaneous acceptance, by at least a large minority of professional people, of this common-service principle. The changes are happening, and a different, less divided community is in some ways emerging.

THEN WHY the insistence on the working class as such? It is not a matter of any temporary way of living, but of fundamental ideas of the nature of social relationships. We base our values on the working-class movement because it is the main carrier of the principle of common improvement as against individual advantage. The working-class movement, in its characteristic institutions, offers the example of community, collective action and substantial equality of condition, as against the prevailing ethos of opportunity and hierarchy. We believe, in fact, that the spirit of these working-class institutions — the cooperatives, the trade unions, the numerous voluntary associations—is the best basis for any future British society. This is the British working-class culture we value: the institutions of democracy, equality and community.

The emphasis was the first thing to get: an emphasis which gave us our general directions, and which also, in substantial terms, gave us back our unity with our own people, from whom otherwise, by our training for different work, by the constant pressure to accept not only middle-class jobs but the old middle-class values, we were in danger of being separated. The policies which may flow from this emphasis are still, necessarily, controversial.

In terms of politics in the narrow sense, we of course look to the Labor Party as our own movement, but we are attacking its domination not only by certain acquired Establishment ideas, which came in the first brush with power, but also by its main recent intellectual tradition, that of the Webbs and the Fabians. We respect the work the Fabians got done, but we are against them on two counts: first, that they were interested in change as something organized from the top, a social engineering by experts for an abstraction called the public interest; second, that as a result of this, they steered the Labor Party into a position where it could be fairly regarded, as by a majority of the British public it now is, as the party not only of social justice but of bureaucracy, not only of reform but of constant nay-saying, petty control and the philosophy of the minimum standard. We think the imaginative narrowness of the Fabians, their characteristic penchant for organizing people "for their own good," their complacent over-valuation of experts and under-valuation of ordinary people, have all but wrecked the Labor Party, and would wreck it altogether if the redeeming values of ordinary working-class life were not also present, shaping the movement and giving it different objectives.

EQUALLY, we are opposed to the Communist tradition, in which the working people are regarded as "masses" to be captured by an organizing minority. We say that there are no masses, but only ways of seeing people as masses, and that these are ways which we did not learn and do not intend to learn. The "masses" are our own families, and we are not interested in capturing them. We want, rather, a Socialist movement that is at every level a movement involving choices. We want genuine industrial democracy, and we do not think we shall get it if the parties paying lip service to it are themselves organized on faction-ridden, opposition-hating, bureaucratic lines. We see not only the Communist Party, but our own Labor Party, as a party of this kind.

We do not, in fact, think of the working class in primarily political terms. The transfer of power, in the name of a class, is not our objective. Our emphasis is on the quality of ordinary life, not on the superstructure of power. We believe, certainly, that under the new capitalism as under the old, work is being degraded by the fact of treating human labor as merely a raw material, and leisure increasingly is being degraded in being treated as an object of profit. We say, then, that social ownership must replace capitalism, but we are well aware that what may pass for social ownership—a managerial elite mixing with an old owning class—could have precisely the same effects. The belief in workers' control, which was good for a laugh only a year or two back, is reappearing in interesting and practical ways. The belief that work should be judged, not only by whether it is useful or profitable, but also, and primarily, by its effect on the man doing it, is also again being put forward. And behind all this loom the huge problems of culture in the narrower sense: education, arts, leisure.

HERE, I think, is our essential campaign. What we see is a selective, minimum-standard education system, and this we are determined to change. We see also the mass media being used, not for popular education and entertainment, but for the substitute idea of public relations with the masses. We see our arts reduced to a marginal existence, unless they fit in to this philistine system. In one way and another — in exhibitions, meetings, films, books, periodicals, lectures and classes—we are trying not only to fight the system, but to make the alternatives practical. Our politics are the politics of culture, not only because of this central emphasis on the arts and education, but also because of the substance of ordinary living which, to us, these represent. We are interested in the politics of power only insofar as change gives choice and the means of choice to the ordinary families from which we have come. This very principle, however, seems to us the most radical challenge to our existing social system. Whether the challenge will be successful it is much too early to say, but that it exists, as a practical new direction, an increasing number of us are certain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Irony of History

SOCIALISM IN ONE COUNTRY. Volume One: 1924-1926. By E. H. Carr. The Macmillan Company. 558 pp. $7.50.

Isaac Deutscher

HOW MANY people, I wonder, can still remember all the sound and fury that were once aroused by Stalin's doctrine of socialism in one country? For nearly a quarter of a century, from the middle 1920s to the late 1940s, this was the sacred canon of the Soviet Communist Party and of the international Communist movement. A great ideological controversy raged upon it in the middle 20s, but once that had been concluded no doubt about the canon was tolerated; and innumerable Bolsheviks and foreign Communists suffered the Stalinist anathema or paid with their lives for the slightest deviation from it. The second quarter of this century has, without question, entered the annals of communism as the era of socialism in one country.

Mr. E. H. Carr is therefore justified in giving to the second major part of his *History of Soviet Russia* the title *Socialism in One Country*. He proposes to deal with this subject in three volumes of which the first has just appeared. The book has all the merits which one has come to expect from Mr. Carr's work: acute analysis and interpretation, clarity of exposition, and a massive and severe structure of historical facts. It is a searching examination of the main circumstances and trends which found their epitome in Stalin's doctrine.

What were those circumstances? The isolation of the Russian revolution; the frustrated Bolshevik hopes for the spread of communism in the West; Russia's inherited backwardness and poverty; the legacy of world war, revolutionary turmoil and civil war; the collapse of an old social structure; the desperate slowness with which a new structure was taking shape; the weariness and exhaustion of all social classes; and, above this convulsive chaos of a nation, the Bolshevik machines of state and party struggling to come to grips with the chaos, to order it, and to mold it.

Underneath there unfolded, in Mr. Carr's words, "the tension between the opposed principles of continuity and change" which forms "the groundwork of history." The October 1917 revolution marked a deep and dramatic break in Russia's destinies: "Never had the heritage of the past been more sharply, more sweepingly, or more provocatively rejected; never had the claim to universality been more uncompromisingly asserted; never in any previous revolution had the break in continuity seemed so absolute."

"But presently," Mr. Carr remarks, "tradition begins to unfold its power as the antidote to change: . . . tradition is something which remains dormant in uneventful times . . . of which we become conscious mainly as of a force of resistance to change. . . ." "Thus in the development of the revolution the elements of change and continuity fight side by side, now conflicting, now coalescing, until a new and stable synthesis is established. . . . Broadly speaking, the greater the distance in time from the initial impact of the revolution the more decisively does the principle of continuity reassert itself against the principle of change."

FROM this angle Mr. Carr surveys such various aspects of post-revolutionary Russia as family life, the position of the Greek Orthodox Church, currents in literature, legal institutions, the mechanics of government, party and class and the economic and social background at large. Everywhere he demonstrates the force of the resistance to further revolutionary change in that particular period of Russia's development. Everywhere past and present, tradition and revolution, Marxism and native (Slavophile and Populist) ideologies, Socialist ideas and Messianic Russian aspirations interpenetrate and coalesce until they form a curious amalgam in Stalinism and socialism in one country.

This tension between change and continuity, between revolution and tradition, undoubtedly permeates all of Russia's recent history. I do not intend to question it — I myself have devoted considerable attention to this problem in my studies of Stalinism. But what is the balance between change and continuity? This surely is the crucial issue. The side of the scales to which the historian is inclined to give greater weight of emphasis depends on the standpoint from which he approaches his subject. The pseudo-revolutionary doctrinaire will treat it differently from the Marxist realist, and the Marxist realist from the conservative. Broad-minded and sympathetic to the revolution though Mr. Carr's approach is, his premises are, to my mind, essentially conservative. He tends to overstate the element of continuity, just as Tocqueville and Sorel, whom he quotes frequently, overstated it in their treatment of the French Revolution.

Tocqueville and Sorel, however, dealt with a revolution which substituted only the bourgeois form of property for the feudal one; and private property, however changed in form, made for the continuity between pre-revolutionary and post-revolutionary France. The Russian revolution has uprooted private property at large, first the residual feudal property, then bourgeois property, and finally peasant property. The impulse for social change has been accordingly deeper and stronger. Mr. Carr therefore seems to me to overstate his case when he says that "once the revolution has . . . enthroned itself in the seats of authority a halt has to be called to further revolutionary change." Soviet society, I suggest, underwent its most drastic upheaval in the forcible collectivization of farming; and that occurred between 1929 and 1932, long after the revolution had "enthroned itself in the seats of authority."

Nor is it necessarily a law of history that "the greater the distance of time from the initial impact of the revolution, the more decisively does the principle of continuity reassert itself against the principle of change." That this principle reasserted itself with extraordinary force while Soviet Russia was both isolated and underdeveloped is true. But is it still true today? Should we still assume that the greater the distance in time from the October revolution the more strongly does continuity reassert itself against change? Is the dynamic force of the Russian revolution spending itself in the same way as that of the earlier revolution did? I do not think so.

If the spread of communism in the last years of the Stalin era, especially its triumph in China, and the domestic Russian developments of the post-Stalin

---

ISAAC DEUTSCHER is the author of Russia In Transition, Russia After Stalin: A Political Biography, *among other books. The substance of this essay was first delivered as an address over the BBC.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years are any pointers to the future, then the opposite seems to be true: the further we move from the October revolution the stronger is its impact. Far from having spent itself, the dynamic of the revolution seems to be growing; and after a period during which it was indeed overlaid by the patterns of Russian tradition, it reasserts itself all the more powerfully — industrialization and mass-education have shattered the very foundations of the old Russian tradition.

HOWEVER, while one may argue about Mr. Carr's general historical perspective, he is certainly right in underlining the predominantly conservative mood of the Russia of the middle 1920s. Continuity, a revulsion against revolutionary change and a kind of Soviet isolationism, were the keynotes of that period; they all went into the making of the doctrine of socialism in one country. The Bolshevik reaction against the internationalist revolutionary aspirations of the Lenin era found its expression in Stalin's idea. "While Marxist doctrine pointed to the view that national interests are no more than a cloak for class interests," says Mr. Carr, "and while the Bolshevik leaders were absorbed in a vision of a progressively expanding revolution," they became "in defiance of their intentions the wielders and defenders of Russian state power, the organizers of what was in all but name a national army, the spokesmen of a national foreign policy." This "laid the psychological foundations of socialism in one country" which sought to disguise a traditionally Russian *raison d'etat* in Socialist terms. The resurgence of traditionalism and nationalism was stimulated by the weakening of the proletarian element in the Russian body politic and by a temporary yet significant strengthening of the peasantry. This was the heyday of the so-called bloc between Stalin and Bukharin, when the Bolshevik party was committed to a pro-muzhik policy, and when even an ideologue like Ustryalov spoke of the peasant as already becoming "the sole and real master of the Russian land." Since the peasant's horizon, as Mr. Carr observes, "did not extend beyond the limits of his own economy . . . socialism in one country . . . was a conception which fitted in perfectly with his . . . aspirations."

Here, however, the Hegelian *List der Geschichte*, the sly irony of history, comes into its own. Circumstances force men to move in the most unforeseen directions and give their doctrines the most unexpected content and significance. Men and their doctrines thus sometimes serve purposes diametrically opposed to those they have envisaged. Socialism in one country had, in opposition to Trotsky's permanent revolution, proclaimed the self-sufficiency of the Soviet Union — its self-sufficiency within a social framework of which the private and even capitalist farmer was to remain an essential element. Trotsky questioned the idea of self-sufficiency and pointed to the approaching conflict between the collectivist state and the individualistic farmer. Stalin prevailed; but presently he found himself to be carrying out in his own way some of the major policies expounded by his defeated enemy. Stalin had put Socialism in One Country on his banner because the essence of his policy allegedly lay in a lasting accommodation between the collectivist state and the property-loving peasantry. Yet it was under the same banner that he set out to destroy the kulak as a class and to uproot peasant property. The revolution, so Stalin concluded, could not achieve self-sufficiency, nor even survive, within the social framework of the 1920s. He smashed that framework by a stroke of unparalleled violence.

In industrial policy, too, socialism in one country stood originally, in 1925-26, for resistance to change, for the cautious and moderate tempo of development and against the primitive Socialist accumulation and rapid industrialization advocated by Trotsky and Preobrazhensky. However, five years later, by 1929-1930, socialism in one country had changed its content — what it had come to mean was precisely primitive accumulation and forced industrialization.

The supreme feat of history's irony, however, came only shortly before the close of the Stalin era. The party that had accepted socialism in one country as its canon played for international safety. It shunned world revolution and extolled the Soviet Union's sacred egoism. In every act of his policy and in every fiber of his being Stalin was the embodiment of that egotistical, self-sufficient and self-centered Soviet Union. Yet after the Second World War, Stalin, still waving the same banner, found himself carrying revolution into half a dozen foreign countries, carrying it on the point of his bayonets, and exporting it in the turrets of his tanks. He out-Trotskyed Trotsky, as it were, who had never thought of spreading revolution in this manner. And finally, in his last years, the author of socialism in one country viewed with incredulity, and not without misgiving, the rise of Chinese communism. The era of socialism in one country was at an end.

LOOKING back on this closed chapter one may well ask again what was the meaning of Stalin's doctrine. I recollect the gravity with which thirty years ago in Moscow and in the European Communist movement we argued this issue as a purely theoretical proposition: Is it indeed possible to achieve socialism in a single and isolated country? No, said the old Leninists, to whom socialism meant a classless and stateless society, an international society based on international division of labor. To those old Leninists the Soviet Union was a nation *in transition* from capitalism to socialism. They held that no matter what progress the Soviet Union might make in various fields, it would remain in that state of transition at least as long as it was isolated. The Stalinists and the Bukharinists argued that the Soviet Union would achieve full-fledged socialism, even if it were to remain isolated

A Cold Day on the Marx-Engels Platz, East Berlin

Through these two mirrors, or holes in the face,
I leap into a land of ice: a lopped cathedral,
An acreage of snow, a plain where stood a palace,
On which men drift like odd black flakes
And melt upon the sticks of far-off scaffolding.
The east wind flares upon a lake of light.
A yellow double-decker bus is a mechanic's puppet sun
That glides behind the stage at the right interval
To signify the space of day; but day and night are lost
Behind the eyes, in a scooped skull
Where snow-bank, cloud-packed, rears.
Men dance all numbed over the glass
Paving-stones, past a forlorn saluting base
Where a flag drips ice. They fly, flapping coats
Like storks airily nesting over rooftrees,
Over a canal's breath and a broken bridge,
And fold into a bannered hall.

MAIRI MACINNES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for an indefinite time. They were indeed half-convinced that the Soviet Union was destined to become something like a laboratory of socialism in a single country.

Who was right? The answer given by events is by no means clear-cut; it is certainly far more complicated than those who tried to anticipate it more than thirty years ago could have expected. Has socialism in one country justified itself as a theoretical proposition and a forecast of events? Did the Soviet Union achieve socialism while it stood alone? Even in the early thirties Stalin proclaimed that it did. This is still the orthodox view in Moscow; and we are told that Soviet society is now making its passage from socialism to communism. But what is socialism? If it were simply the wholesale nationalization of industry, then Russia would have achieved socialism as early as the first year of the October revolution, and the whole great controversy of the 1920s would have been irrelevant. The mere fact that the controversy went on indicates that its participants had a rather different conception of socialism. To all of them socialism still meant a highly developed classless society, free, at the very least, from glaring social inequalities and political coercion. By this standard Stalin's and, indeed, Khrushchev's Soviet Union can hardly be said to have achieved socialism. Soviet society is still engaged in the transition from capitalism to socialism. It is far more advanced on the road than it was twenty or ten years ago, but it is still far from its goal; and in its social relationships it still contains strong elements of the bourgeois way of life. Moreover, the Soviet Union which Stalin left to his heirs had also ceased to be the "single and isolated country" to which the controversy had referred. History has, as it were, refused to make of the Soviet Union the laboratory of socialism in one country; and so it has confined to limbo the once so passionately debated doctrine.

But if socialism in one country has as an abstract theoretical proposition remained meaningless, it has nevertheless played an outstanding part as a modern myth and an ideology. The myth helped to reconcile the Soviet masses to the miseries of the Stalin era; and the ideology helped to discipline morally both the masses and the ruling group for the almost inhuman efforts which assured the Soviet Union's spectacular rise from backwardness and poverty to industrial power and greatness.

The Over-Simple Crusade

THE DOCTOR BUSINESS. By Richard Carter. Doubleday & Co. 283 pp. $4.

George A. Silver

RICHARD CARTER is an able reporter with a juicy story to tell. In the tradition of the muckrakers, he looks for villains, a plot and a scandal. He also looks for lessons on how things could be better and salts his grim recital with a little virtue. But very little.

The Doctor Business describes, in its twelve dramatically and ironically named chapters ("The Fourth Necessity," "Two Plus Two Equals Controversy," "Scandal in the Coal Fields," etc.) and five appendices, the role played by the American Medical Association in maintaining the status quo of American medical care. The facts are there, and, speaking for themselves, add up to an indictment of conservatism, economic selfishness and social inactivity. The villain, then, is the hierarchy of organized medicine. The plot is three-fold. It comprises the Association's efforts to maintain fee-for-services as the economic base of medical practice; to prevent the growth of group practice and comprehensive prepayment plans; to block the spread of modern medicine to the mass of the people by opposing the increase of doctors, of public health services to rural areas, and of federal grants to medical education.

The reason? Fear that the last of the individual entrepreneurs will lose his hunting license, become civilized, bureaucratized, tamed, salaried and subject to regulation from outside the profession.

As for scandals, the book is full of them. There is fee-gouging. The book opens with the story of Benny Hooper, the Long Island boy in the well, and the doctor's bill of $1,500. There is the polio vaccine fiasco, the outrageous editorial view (quoted from the *New York State Journal of Medicine*):

> What keeps the great majority of people well is the fact that they can't afford to be ill. This is a harsh, stern dictum and we readily admit that under it a certain number of cases of early tuberculosis and cancer, for example, may go undetected. Is it not better that a few such should perish rather than that the majority of the population should be encouraged on every occasion to run snivelling to the doctor?

Carter is belligerent in his presentation, sarcastic in his documentation, intemperate and angry in his comments. After that quote one can hardly blame him. Add to it the legal and economic stratagems whereby the American Medical Association attempts to coerce practitioners away from medical groups or exercises sanctions on prepayment schemes not to its liking and you have an economic royalism not unlike the House of Bourbon just before the French Revolution. Add, again, the fee-splitting and ghost surgery, the persistent sniping and open warfare practiced by the profession against the Mine Worker's medical plan, against Kaiser's Permanente Plan, against HIP in New York and you have a bill of particulars that can call for only one verdict. Carter calls for it.

HE HAS DONE a good job, and since he aims for the improvement of care and not simply to flay the American Medical Association, it seems unfair to be critical. He might have pointed out the tiny crusading movement within the profession. There is no reference to the Physicians' Forum and the fight it has made against the American Medical Association. There is nothing of the ugly chapter in medical services written by discrimination and prejudice. The disadvantages of Negro doctors and Negro patients today in America need indignant re-telling.

It may be that the times and lack of constructive approach demand a slashing black-and-white presentation. There are no misstatements of fact (that I found), no slanted evidence. As a matter of fact, the whole shabby history of the American Medical Association's fight against organization of medical practice is soberly (and as appallingly) documented in the Yale Law Journal, May 1954.

All in all the *problems* of practice are fairly well covered: health service needs, prepayment, insurance programs, the doctor shortage, the American Medical Association lobby in Washington, and so on. It's the *origin* of these problems which is less closely discussed and about which there is some doubt.

It is over-simple to isolate the villain in the AMA, fighting any change in the profession by fair means or foul. There's the *shared* villainy of the customer, the

---

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D., is chief of the Division of Social Medicine at Montefiore Hospital, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consumer who wants it this way, but less expensively, so to speak.

The basic defect in American medicine is the lack of a structure that will enable the doctor to do what he *can* do, within an economic framework which will pay the doctor a satisfactory (how much?) income and which the community can afford. As Carter himself says, "The enemy, after all, is neither patient nor doctor. The enemy is disease." However, to get this structure we shall have to do violence, not only to the doctor's present concept of his role, but also to the patient's concept of what that role should be. At present the image is the same golden age figure of the family doctor that the AMA uses for its stereotype. To get a new type of medicine we'll have to start with a new type of doctor, one who must be acceptable both to profession and patient. Throwing out fee-for-service is only the beginning; we'll have to throw out the whole notion of individual purchase of personal service.

HISTORICALLY, the AMA played a progressive role in freeing medical education from profiteers, exposing quacks, raising standards of education and hospital practice, fighting for sane licensing procedures. The hardening of the arteries after 1920 may reflect persistent nineteenth-century images of doctoring on the part of patient (and doctors!) rather than the simple desire to hold on to a good thing. Economic determinism as a historical principle was discarded because it is deficient in ascribing sufficient power to the minds of men. Here, too.

Because medicine has become more complex and medical knowledge more than any one doctor can comprehend, group practice is necessary. However, the specialists that comprise present groups and will make up the groups under the *best* circumstances in the future are essentially scientists. Or they aspire to be scientists. The patient wants to maintain the sympathetic family adviser as a facet of the scientist's personality. This family adviser aspect is time-consuming and requires special training and willingness. The increasing shortage of physicians (the number of doctors remains roughly the same while the population zooms up), together with the increased *amount* of medical care required for the increasing number of aged and chronically ill that science has kept alive, puts more pressure on doctors. Even the efficiency increase is offset by this factor. So doctors have *less* time to spend listening, allowing the patient to "ventilate," offering guidance and support. The mental health concepts that have captured popular imagination intensify this need for *time* from the doctor, even as the time becomes less available. And to crown this paradoxical reduction of availability in the face of mounting demand is the medical education system which ignores, scants or demeans this guidance function! Sociological factors and family doctoring are in the background now, while the students (under the energetic whipping of the preceptors) pant after pump oxygenators and millimols, chemical determinants and membrane impedance. No matter *how* the doctor's bill is paid, the *kind* of doctor and *number* of doctors will be equally important. Without going into discussion of the variety of solutions available or possible, thought and effort must be given to restructuring family practice. Maybe a public health nurse can be used in conjunction with a group of specialists to take care of minor ailments and call in the specialists when necessary; maybe status can be added to general practice so that significant numbers of medical graduates will prefer the lesser scientific role and greater family practice role; perhaps a revolutionary change in medical education may create a family doctor *cum* internal medicine specialist who will fill the two roles with equal competency. But something more than money and a dead American Medical Association will have to be used to fill that gap!

Mr. Carter says at the end, "The American public is going to apply logic to the problem of medical economics and is not going to wait very much longer to do it. Of that you can be sure." I hope so.

Poets and Causes

ENGAGED IN WRITING. By Stephen Spender. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 239 pp. $3.75.

Jean Martin

TWO short novels, both of which explore the ambivalent nature of the artist, make up *Engaged in Writing*, the first volume of fiction published by Stephen Spender in twenty years. The more important title story takes up, with spiteful, skillful humor, a recurring theme in Spender's work, if not his life — that is, the problem of the writer divided between his social and his aesthetic conscience. It is a subtle, funny and definitive exposé of cultural conferences, as well as Spender's answer to his own dilemma.

When Spender went up to Oxford in '28, he found himself, along with Auden and Isherwood, part of a generation of writers forced by the times to be a "European witness" to "a kind of political doom overtaking society." The extent to which a writer is obligated to involve himself and his work in contemporary events is a problem which Spender has since worked out the hard way — by trial and error. Writing in the 30s he said in *The Destructive Element* that he had discerned a "political-moral theme in literature . . . a consciousness of a destructive principle in modern society." But fifteen years later, chastened by experience, he recanted and wrote in *The Creative Element*, "where I was wrong was in thinking that because I saw a political cause where the writers whom I was discussing saw a moral situation, their vision implied a political view. I was right to think that politics, in the deepest sense, is concerned with the moral condition of society, but wrong to think that the artist concerned with this condition need also be concerned with politics, even by implication."

IT IS fairly safe to say that painful experience went into that recanting, and some of this has also found its outlet in *Engaged in Writing*. In the summer of 1937, for example, Spender was a delegate at the Writers' Congress at Madrid, an event he describes satirically in his autobiography *World within World* because "satire is the only means of conveying certain impressions . . . characters, like the Communist lady novelist (who was addicted to addressing her fellow-delegates as, 'comrade, darling') are portrayals of types . . . people tend to become types in certain situations." The Madrid Congress, he felt, "had something about it of a Spoiled Children's Party"; at the end, traveling back to France in a special train engaged for the delegates, difficulties arose over reservations and he wrote, "I could hear the other delegates screaming and banging their fists against the sides of the carriages. This scene of distinguished intellectuals who had been on a luxury tour of a well-shattered country has lingered in my memory. A deep dissatisfaction was the strongest experience I gained from the Writers' Congress."

This disenchantment has borne further artistic fruit in *Engaged in Writing*, but it is an intellectualized flowering which resembles life in much the same way that marzipan resembles real fruit. Like marzipan it is a bitter little copy, smaller than life, but having an appearance of

JEAN MARTIN recently reviewed for The Nation *Isak Dinesen's* Anecdotes of Destiny.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heightened reality, charming to look upon, but you are not really supposed to *eat* it. Against a poetic evocation of the Venetian scene, along with some biting, witty, gossipy humor, the book describes "Europlume . . . an East-West Conference of European intellectuals." Spender is able to put his finger precisely on the answer to what makes the difference between politics and art when a writer who has retained only his artistic integrity asks a gondolier his name, explaining, "I wanted to have your name" . . . then with the scruple of a poet, "I mean I wanted you to have a name." In that subtle distinction and desire lies the definition of a poet.

Engaged in Writing contains also a second novelette, an odd little satire called, *The Fool and the Princess*. Done in writing that makes fun of itself, it describes the artist's ambient nature, this time in the realm of personal relations. It is the kind of romance James would have delighted in — endless talk, obscure glances, and finally, wonder of wonders, a great climax of action — a meeting in a taxicab and the exchange of one kiss. Harvey (who loved the princess from afar) then returns to his wife who, being half-asleep at the time, mutters a piece of wisdom out of a First French Lesson, "Mon mari est mon frère," upon which her husband, "in one of those flashes that seemed perfect in their own instant and meaningless afterwards," decided that "it was a kind of Nothing in himself that made them the same."

Engaged in Writing, though slight, is the product of a cultivated mind which has seriously concerned itself with writing. It lacks human warmth, the warmth is all on an intellectual level, but if one is tempted to quibble over its preciousness it is only necessary to put it alongside the average output to see whether or not it has quality, consistency and character, as well as a real artistic existence of its own.

LETTER from CASABLANCA

Julian Halevy

I'VE EATEN the cous-cous of the desert Berbers, smelled the stinks of Araby, dined on the elegant sixteenth-floor terrace of the Beverly Hills-styled Hotel Marhabah where the cuisine was ooh-lah-lah and the restaurant might have been whisked, on a flying carpet, from the upper *étage* of the Eiffel Tower. I've walked on boulevards that seem to be emerging from the Etoile, talked in Spanish, English, Italian, German, Yiddish and pidgin French (and listened helplessly to Arabic and Hebrew —forever beyond my grasp), read the guidebooks and searched in the Ancient Quarter for the heritage of the Moors. Now, after ten days, I feel strongly that Araby — Morocco — by itself or united in a pan-Arabian state — is not for me. As I type this in the lounge of this Italian freighter tied up to the quai, the steward polishing brass nearby is whistling something familiar — an aria from *Tosca,* he tells me — and the sound is a refuge like home. Here I've retreated, and here I stay. Araby is just outside the porthole, where skinny, fezzed stevedores are unloading ten thousand tons of sugar— a gift from the American people— but I've got the door shut. Odd behavior for a donor, perhaps, but it's not that I'm a shy American; it's simply that Santa Claus is afraid to go ashore.

It wasn't like that at first. On the contrary, when I first strolled in the ancient Medina, immediately after our ship docked, I felt a strong kinship with the bearded, swarthy crowds. For a moment, I deluded myself into feeling that my passage through the narrow, noisy, smelly alleys was bringing me, somehow, to a meeting place with my heritage. After all, don't I have the beat, beat, beat of the Talmud in my veins: don't the minor chorded chants of the Near East strike responsive overtones from my out-of-key heartstrings? The meat on spits over charcoal fires; the gooey date and sesame seed sweets; the brown faces with curled beards and little skullcaps; the robes— there's something withdrawn and religious about the robe, whether it be monk's, Arab's, rabbi's; the way the men walk, erect ascetic spirits striding the worn, dirty cobbles in soft sandals with upward curling points: everybody seemed to have stepped from the pages of my childhood copy of *Illustrated Tales From the Old Testament*. I remembered family excursions to the lower East Side, visits to orthodox, still immigrant-

They were festive oc-
e trips to old synagogues
f leather and wool and
dates and figs heaped on chased brass platters just like those on display in the stalls of the Medina.

Above all, it was the inwardness of the Arab, the sense of inward contemplation associated with the holy men of the East, that recalled to me my father and certain other vaguely remembered old men I had touched and smelled in my childhood, men who were from the worldly world resigned and thereby holy. Those faces, past and present, merged into a single face that looked into mine as I walked in the old quarter, a face with dark, brooding, liquid eyes filled with passion and sensuality; features deeply etched with repression, hawk beak nose and lips drawn tight with inner fury.

IF THESE men, these faces, are close to God . . . then He is a lunatic. This spirit in the street here, the spirit I have shut the door and raised the gangplank against, is known to me, and it's frightening. It is the spirit of some sick and very distant cousin — a wild, fanatic relative who makes a blood claim on me, but from whom I am cut off, forever, by a profound repugnance to the insane passions that drive him.

How many such Arabs are there? To ask the question is already shocking. It's as if the savagery coiling like smoke through the alleys here had already evoked answering violence in me. It grows on one, this feeling. I came back from my first tourist stroll pleasantly stimulated — everything was so picturesque, you know — and I went to a bookshop for maps and guidebooks so I could learn more about the culture. The book I bought was expensive and had many lovely photographs of the Old and New Morocco: it had been written by an Arab in the style of Omar and Fitzgerald. I quote:

> But to my mind there is only one way of learning to know a country, and that is by going on foot. In our days few people practice this magnificent method, which is yet so economical. Sites and landscapes appear in their true scale, and you will draw nearer to men and learn to love them. Along the roads in the springtime, flowers will greet you. They will smile at you, rise and sway in bowing welcome. In addition to the perfume of the flowers, you will encounter the grave looks of men. It is not impossible that some little girl will stop and offer you, her eyes alight with fun, a bouquet of wild flowers. Rest in the shade of the olive tree and watch the little caravan as it advances on its way to some distant

JULIAN HALEVY is a
and novelist. His latest
Young Lovers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

town . . . a town with a dream name, Fez the well guarded, Meknes of the olives, Rabat of victory, or Marrakesh the red.

I read it in my cozy bunk that night and practiced saying, "Thank you" in Arabic, so as not to be caught speechless when little girls presented me with bouquets. It promised to be delightful: the photographs of laughing children and women, like Rebecca, at the well, invited me. I read the entire book that night, the first night of my arrival, and made a list of the things I wanted to see; "spirit of Islam" things: dancing, music, the wrought iron grill at the Mahakma, the Pasha's palace, a mosque, the Moslems at prayer, rugs woven in various mountain regions, the foods of the Berbers and the town-bred Arabs. And the next morning, when my guide came to the ship (I had hired him the previous day, as advised, through a reputable travel agency), we discussed the list over breakfast coffee. He listened politely, sitting there in a neat blue suit and nodding, "Yes, sir," as I outlined the spirit of Islam project, but there was a strange look in his eyes that I later understood. It meant, "God in Heaven! Listen to this madman rave!"

He's a Jew, my guide, and I have been having nightmarish dreams about him. He has committed the unpardonable breach of involving me in his utterly hopeless life, and it is for fear of him, too, or rather for fear of being compelled to assume responsibility for him and his six children, that I'm not going ashore again. He knows it, I believe, and takes a bitter satisfaction in visiting me here on the ship to have coffee and watch me squirm as I turn down further invitations to visit him, his relatives, his synagogue, and the local welfare headquarters that cares for refugees from the Moroccan hinterlands.

There are four hundred thousand Jews in Morocco, and they are in a trap that is slowly constricting. They watch the French leave, believing that with them their last protection is going, and that their throats will be cut. The guide's grandparents were born in Casablanca, and he has lived here all his life, but he is not eligible for full citizenship nor can he get a passport to leave. Two of his children were smuggled out to Israel, where he has relatives, but the underground railway that spirited them and thousands of other refugees from Tangier to Gibraltar in open fishing boats, at night, has been shut down by the government and its operators jailed. There is systematic, intensifying anti-Semitism, cut to the pattern styled by the Nazis in the thirties. Professions are closed to Jews — their businesses hampered by red tape, discrimination and special assessments levied by the government and the ruling political party. Arab businessmen closely associated with the oppressive Independence Party offer to buy the properties or businesses at a fraction of their cost. On a neighborhood level, block leaders call at each house and demand a predetermined contribution for Arab Nationalist political work (remember Hitler's Winter Relief?), and collections are enforced with violence. When the wind blows on the Israeli-Syrian border, the Jews tremble here. In the synagogue and the Hebrew schools the Jews cluster together and dream of Israel or America and accept with resignation and a terrible, masochistic pride each new turn of the rack.

Under the surveillance of their Arab neighbors, the Jews must appear to be the staunchest, most flag-waving supporters of the nationalism that hangs over them like a sword. When I hired a car, the guide insisted that we get an Arab driver, together with his car; otherwise, he might have been accused of favoring Jewish drivers at the expense of Arabs, which would have invited reprisals. During my conversations with people I met in Morocco, the King was often mentioned, sometimes casually; but among Jews, he was never referred to except by his full title, clearly and gravely recited, "His Majesty, King Mohammed." If at those times there was a flicker of something other than reverence in their eyes, I failed to observe it.

I HAVE a newspaper clipping before me. [*London Observer* — Dec. 7] "News of the lynching of a French officer by a group of Algerians in the European quarter of Casablanca has been received with consternation in Paris, where the French Foreign Minister, M. Couve de Murville, summoned the Moroccan Chargé d'Affaires this morning to demand energetic measures for punishing the criminals and protecting the French Colony. . . . The lynching is by no means the first incident of its kind. . . . The French are all the more nervous over the latest outbreak as it comes at a time when a crisis has deprived Morocco of any government at all and French business interests fear the country may be falling back into anarchy."

I didn't witness this violence or any other, but the feeling behind it is here a reality of which I have never been unaware. In the street, the eyes of the Arabs are filled with hate, with contempt for pale skins, European customs, infidel ways. The eyes are shiny with knives. They meet me over the tops of veils. It is a shock to meet one's first veiled woman in the street, to be thrust back five hundred years. The Arab still locks his women inside the house when he leaves. I meet the enemy eyes, blunt and direct over the embroidered gauze veil, and want to say to them, "I wasn't the one who locked you up!"

Arab nationalism is in full flood. French-European colonial rule is over. The last French soldiers and technicians are leaving daily. European-owned businesses are closing down or selling out. The names on the streets are being changed. The language of government, the courts, the newspapers is changing, and the customs and traditions of Islam are being re-established. Everything is changing here. The energies and the heritage of millions of people are being released, and I believe the world will some day be the richer for it. But the fruition seems far off, and the liberation process is brutal.

A long time ago I read of the Moslem general who captured Alexandria, where the classic manuscripts of the ancient world had been gathered into the greatest library the world has known, and

Christmas

dirty Christmas
which Origen
and Clement
both showed up

for the junk it
is — as though,
sd O, he was a
mere Pharoah. Or,

says Clement, do
we have here some
child baptism to
go gew-gaw over?

in long favorably
embroidered gown,
a boy? instead of
a man standing

in desire in the
Jordan, with green
banks on either
side, a naked man

treated by another
adult man who also
has found out that
to be as harmless

as a dove is what
a man gets as wise
as a serpent for,
the river,

of life?

CHARLES OLSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gave orders to burn the library on the grounds that everything worth knowing s included in the Koran. That arrogance s implicit in the manner and the bearng of even the lowliest peddler one neets on the street. It's a burning arogance that frightens by its intensity ınd fanaticism. Now when I read the ›hrase, "Holy War," I comprehend its neaning with creeping of the flesh.

Five times a day the orthodox Moslem ›rays, wherever he is. He kneels on the ›avement, shoeless and bareheaded ımong the skyscrapers, the buses, the hips of the port, touches his forehead o the ground and rocks back and forth, hanting the ancient prayers with what eems feverish commitment. The chic rench girls step around them. There s a film over the Arab's eyes and he loes not see; for if he saw them, he ould have to leap to his feet, slash at he hated sacrilege with a dagger, and run into the nearest doorway to be bundled to safety and reward over the roof tops. He would have to do this or be consumed by his own hate.

The rulers ride by in sleek Cadillacs, buffered by steel and bodyguards, infinitely remote from the beggared, barelegged, dervish skeletons whose driven humanity is marked by an occasional howling cry. The fat cats in the Cadillacs; photographs of Ibn Saud and Nasser and His Majesty, King Mohammed, plaster the walls of buildings; these are the Saints — with four wives and dozens of concubines and music to mark their comings and goings.

Arab power is being consolidated. Morocco and Tunisia are free. Algeria is struggling bloodily to rise. The same flood that sweeps away the evils of colonialism threatens the humanist traditions of Europe and countless innocent Jews.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

CAME AWAY from *J.B.*, Archibald MacLeish's dramatic poem (Anta Thetre), more indifferent than annoyed; ut I reflected, as I thought of how to ıy this nicely, that such a reaction is o more related to criticism than would e the declaration that the work is one f the outstanding plays of the century.

What is true of art in general is true f criticism as well: conclusions do not ıatter so much as the process by which ıe conclusion (if any) has been reachd. The what is in the how, the meanıg in the body of what has been said.

MacLeish's answer to J.B.'s argument ith God—the play is an American arallel of the Biblical story of Job:—

> We are, and that is all our answer.
> We are, and what we are can suffer . . .
> But . . .
> what suffers, loves
> and love
> Will live its suffering again,
> Risk its own defeat again,
> . . . . . .
> Over and over, with the dark before,
> The dark behind it . . .
> and still live . . .
> still love.

at best a kind of truism; but that is ally nothing against it. Besides there e other "answers" in the play: that an must use his own right hand, that an's power to understand is paltry mpared to the infinite intricacy of creation, etc., etc. In fact there are answers to satisfy almost anyone who might be satisfied with an "answer."

What is wrong with the play is that it contains no people, no true situations and ultimately no poetry. It is an abstraction of drama, as the characters are abstractions of people. The events are as sketchy as the types, but even this might not matter if the main "plot"—the debate of Jehovah, Satan and their victim—were conveyed through language that was specific, vibrant with individual experience and the pulse of life either on the plane of ordinary reality or on that of metaphysical anguish.

To avoid academic dispute we are ready to concede that the verse is good—it is cultivated writing which sounds well, is always very much in earnest, sometimes twinkling with touches of the vulgate; but it remains without an echo of feeling, thought or atmosphere. When I am dissatisfied with the message in one of T. S. Eliot's plays I am still haunted by an insidiously penetrating *tone*—more telling than what he purports to convey ideologically. In *J.B.*, the pleasant knell of the words leaves a sensation of hollowness once it is over. I have been neither roused by the sting of the questions posed nor requited by the replies; neither despair nor solace has been inspired in me.

No doubt it is laudable for an American writer to essay a verse play on a serious theme and I suspect that our theatre public, which so often delights in pap, unconsciously hungers for a kind of absolution, some reminder of spiritual realities. In this sense, it is perhaps proper to welcome *J.B.* But the play is a glittering generality; it offers little but a show of profundity.

It has been directed by Elia Kazan with extraordinary skill. The cast—Pat Hingle, Christopher Plummer, Raymond Massey—is arresting in diction, in energy, in a kind of rapt zealousness. There is a thrilling boldness in the way Kazan has encouraged his actors to cry out with epic vigor when that befits the moment—a boldness our theatre rarely attempts even in the production of Shakespeare whose plays demand it. Boris Aronson's set contributed brilliantly to the atmosphere of magical stagecraft with which everything in the production—even to the stationary posture of the actors in moments of repose—is done.

IT IS THE custom to refer to *Ivanov* (Renata Theatre) as one of Chekhov's

"Compelling Musical" McClain, Jour. Amer.
"Well Worth Seeing" Crist, Herald-Tribune
"A Beautiful Play" Watts, N.Y. Post
A New Musical Drama based on John Steinbeck's
OF MICE and MEN
starring Jo Sullivan Art Lund-Leo Penn
Provincetown Playhouse 133 Macdougal St.
Tel. Res. GR 7-9894

YOUR BOOK CAN BE PUBLISHED
Our high royalty—low subsidy complete program can help you join Comet's list of widely recognized and successful authors. Send for FREE copy of *How To Publish Your Book.*
COMET PRESS BOOKS Dept. NA1, 200 Varick St., N.Y.14

Buy Your Books through *The Nation*

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book (except paperbacks) at the regular retail price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the retail price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D. No C.O.D.'s outside the United States. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible.

Please address your orders to

Miss O. LePach
THE READER'S SERVICE DIVISION
333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lesser plays. He wrote it when he was twenty-seven, and it shows signs of technical rawness as well as a certain vehemence that might be ascribed to the dramatist's youth. Just the same, it is a most beautiful play—rich in character, humor, understanding and a kind of heartbreak that is the opposite of depressing. For there is real love in Chekhov—not of that literary variety which announces itself stentorially with the cloying unctiousness of radio rhetoric—a love which not only endears his characters to us but which also enhances our knowledge of them in their ludicrous as well as in their noble aspects. Chekhov is surely the most human and humane of modern playwrights.

The company for this off-Broadway production has been remarkably well directed by William Ball. Sorrell Booke, Paul Stevens, Jacqueline Brookes give especially sensitive performances.

A ROBUST and tangy bit of realism is to be admired in Brendan Behan's prison play *The Quare Fellow* (Circle-in-the-Square). The observation is good, the writing has both ease and density, the characters are vividly drawn in swift strokes—eloquent without too much of the Irish dramatists' tendency to overelaboration. In this case, too, the direction by José Quintero is exceptionally fine—and almost the entire cast altogether right. An oppressive atmosphere is rendered without mitigation, yet without either heaviness or bathos.

ADULT EDUCATION

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO invites you to share its resources, at home, for the creative use of your leisure time . . . whatever your intellectual aims: write a fine poem or better technical report . . . invest your money more wisely . . . come to a fuller understanding of Toynbee's philosophy or of your adolescent offspring. **INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION** . . . enjoy a conversation-by-mail with a University instructor, in any of 150 Home-Study courses FOR ADULTS—in Philosophy, Creative Writing, Psychology and Human Relations, Semantics, Archeology, World Affairs, Mathematics, Great Books, Astronomy, Education, Library Science, and other fields. **OPEN TO ALL** . . . Begin study at your convenience, AT HOME. Earn academic credit, too. **FOR FULL INFORMATION, write for the Home-Study ANNOUNCEMENTS; no obligation, of course. Box N-19, The Home-Study Dept. The UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Chicago 37, Illinois.**

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$70 WEEKLY—home, spare time. Simplified mail bookkeeping. Immediate income—easy! **Auditax, 34757EA, Los Angeles 34.**

SERVICES

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — economical, insured, household moving. Vans, station wagons. Any day, any time. **The Padded Wagon, AL 5-8343 (N.Y.C.)**

UNIVERSITY TELEVISION SERVICE
(Manhattan Bronx Yonkers)
Television and Air Conditioning
150 W. Kingsbridge Rd., Bronx 63, N.Y.
CY 8-0420

PERSONALS

LEARN WHILE YOU SLEEP equipment for experimenters. Full line timers, pillow speakers, endless tapes. Also books, languages, self-help personality improvement courses on record. Inquiries invited. **Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-TN, Olympia, Washington.**

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

WHAT COULD have been more suitable for the New York Philharmonic in Christmas week than an all-Bach program? What more enticing than the brilliant solo Cantata, *Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen,* two lovely keyboard Concerti (No. 1 in D Minor and No. 7 in G Minor), and the glorious *Magnificat,* for soloists, chorus and orchestra? Should not the American pianist, Rosalyn Tureck, have been given an opportunity, after eighteen years, to play with the Philharmonic again? Was not the soprano, Maria Stader, a plausible choice for soloist in the Cantata? Obviously, the planning that accounted for this program was wholesome on every count. And yet, except for the *Magnificat,* the evening was disappointing.

Miss Tureck was the principal culprit. There has been a great deal of quiet talk about her in recent years, mostly in New York musical circles, as an American pianist who has made a career in England, where she now lives, because she was able to acquire only a limited following in this country. That sounded like the usual story of the American artist who can be so easily outbid in his own country by any mediocrity from abroad. Unfortunately, all that is American does not glitter. Judging by her performance of the two Bach concerti (which is certainly an adequate test), I do not understand Miss Tureck's claim to consideration as a Bach specialist or, indeed, as a more than adequate musician.

In Bach's day, composers did not bother to notate certain information in their scores, information which we must have today if we are to perform their music at all as they did. This includes the exact meanings of ornamentation symbols; occasional tempo markings (although I suspect a good *sense* of tempo is more useful to a performer in any century than is a historical knowledge *about* tempo), and, most inscrutable of all, the amount of improvisatory freedom left to the performer. The profession of musicology came into being to dig up precisely such information.

Then, on the heels of the musicolo gists, came the Bach specialists, wh claim to play the master's music wit a heightened degree of historical ac curacy and, it is supposed to follov musical insight. One of them will arpeg giate a chord in this way; another wi do it differently. And the scholarly di putation continues.

All of this is healthy and useful. Bu there is a great deal of basic musician ship for every performer to learn befor he need worry about becoming a Bac specialist. Such simple things, for in stance, as playing a triplet or a grou of four sixteenths evenly; keeping th tempo steady (and alive); phrasing a if he could tell the difference betwee a musical noun and a conjunction. Mis Tureck, it would seem, has paid to little attention to these matters. He phrases do not propel themselves wit any sort of conviction; her tempi ar seldom well chosen, and almost neve adhered to with any sense of purposefu design; her playing neither speaks no sings. And, in addition, she works wit the dullest, most opaque piano tone have heard since I left the conservator

The second culprit of the evening wa Miss Stader. Her lapses, by compariso were mild, though still surprising in leading soprano. Intonation was the mai problem in the Cantata's beginnin section and in the final *Alleluja.* At othe times, the singer's sense of tempo gre shaky, throwing the solo part and th accompaniment slightly out of join Mr. Bernstein strove to pull things to gether, and the instrumentalists followe him to a man. More than this coul not be done.

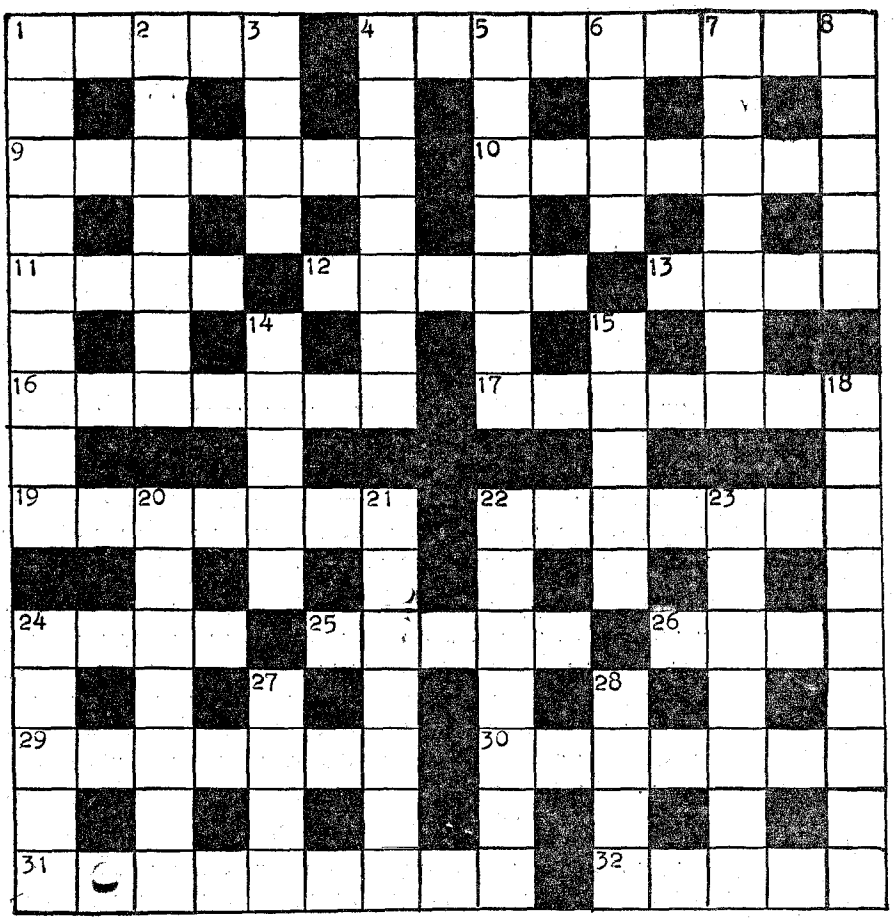
Since *Jauchzet Gott in allen Lande* is a fiendishly difficult work, some in accuracies must be expected in its voc part. But it was hard to understan why, in Miss Stader's performance, the should have been quite so many.

Finally, came the *Magnificat,* ar with it the kind of sounds we had bee awaiting all evening. Miss Stader, wh was the first soprano soloist, seemed t have left her troubles behind her, ar the other soloists, without exceptio gave forth with first-rate singing. The were Florence Kopleff, Russell Oberli Jan Peerce and Norman Farrow. It w fascinating to hear the *Misericordia* sun by tenor (Mr. Peerce) and counterten (Mr. Oberlin), rather than tenor ar mezzo-soprano as is the usual arrang ment. The choral sections, sung by Hug Ross's *Schola Cantorum,* were brig and powerful, and Mr. Bernstein co trolled all these forces with such viv cious affection that the *Magnificat* a most recouped the evening.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 801

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It's not a difficult task to go around the mount. (5)
4, 3 down, 13 and 12 Namely— "tau" plus "omicron"? (3,6,3,1,4,3,2)
9 Such books have a fine effect. (7)
10 Clean rule, and different. (7)
11 Even a baby sitter might be done in—! (4)
12 and 13 See 4 across
16 What a disagreeable person seldom does. (7)
17 Not an orthodox way to bring in a self-satisfied sort of member. (7)
19 Within this you can be heard plying the oars. (7)
22, 4 down, 14, 24, 26, 28 and 27 Evidently the order will be "to the rear." (3,4,3,4,2,3,4,4,4,4)
25 The psalmist in haste said all men are. (5)
26 See 22
29 Set deep. (7)
30 Lively in musical circles. (7)
31 Those without buds might get flat as well. (9)
32 Material used by the composer of La Marseillaise? (5)

DOWN:

1 and 5 A clear choice lost with such shells being filled. (9,7)
2 Almost unnecessary points. (7)
3 See 4 across
4 See 22 across
5 See 1 down
6 Bad losers might form one in going, (4)
7 Lengthwise. (7)
8 Probably this, if dammed as well. (5)
14 See 22 across
15 They go on two feet or four, and are sometimes skinned. (5)
18 Off the cuff. (9)
20 Dishes might be made from them. (7)
21 Sifted by Theophilus? (7)
22 Expands on bed and board. (7)
23 The pipes of Bostonian one-masters? (7)
24 The shape of the Bronx? (5)
27 and 28 See 22 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 800

Across: 1 Spume; 4 Clumps; 11 Eardrum; 12 Equinox; 13 Clientele; 14 Scion; 15 Contributions; 17 Predilections; 24 Untreated; 25 Tumbler; 26 Evasive; 27 Entree; 28 and 22 Stage coach. Down: 2 Portico; 3. Marinated; 5 Louis; 6 Mention; 7 Saxons; 8 Perch; 9 Imperial quart; 10 Revenue cutter; 16 Itinerant; 18 Readmit; 19 Nothing; 20 Scathe; 21 Idled; 23 Halve.

RESORTS

ALLABEN
Monmouth & 5 St., Lakewood, N.J.
Modern, intimate. Fabulous Classical Record Collection — Library — Entertainment — Free Ice Skating. Allaben Ensemble, Mort Freeman. Jewish American Cuisine
JACK & SERENA SCHWARTZ
Tel. Lakewood 6-1222 • Res. for January

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.
RELAX in an atmosphere of warmth and hospitality. Winter Sports. Dancing. Entertainment. Superb cuisine. Fireproof Bldg. Elevator service. In N.Y.C. call at local rate.
FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-3449
FOREST house
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

TRAVEL

UNUSUAL TOUR — ATTRACTIVE PRICE
Can take but three more to complete my intimate group of eight for a personally conducted first class tour of Europe—summer 1959. The detailed itinerary and the low price will amaze you. Just to convince yourself, write: Joe Fox, c/o Sprung, 11 Park Place, New York 7.

PUBLICATIONS

MAKE YOUR OPINIONS COUNT IN WASHINGTON
Send them to EVERY CONGRESSMAN EVERY MONTH for ONLY 33c per month. We send questions to you. You vote. We send results to Congress and to you. Free trial. Free details.
Active Citizens Opinion Poll (N3)
430 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, Illinois.

JUST FOR FUN
give yourself or that "egg-head" friend, a really different challenge!
THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES
58 Selected Crosswords
Mailed to you—or to him—if you send $1.25 to:
FRANK W. LEWIS
702 Devonshire Rd., Takoma Park 12, Md.

FREE BOOK SEARCH SERVICE — For current, rare, old or out-of-print books. Write for information or send list to Dept. N, Libertarian Bookman, Box 7709, Chicago 80, Ill.

LITERARY SERVICES

FREE! Writer's Market List!
If you're interested in writing fiction or articles for leading magazines, or book publishers, Daniel S. Mead, prominent literary agent, has prepared a catalogue of markets which is a "must" item. For free copy write:
Daniel S. Mead, 915 Broadway, Dept. N
N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Advertising Rates
CLASSIFIED
74c a line (6 words)
Three-line minimum
CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
$7.42 per inch (minimum)
THE NATION
333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pasternak, the Nobel Prize and *The Nation*

From *The Times* (London) Nov. 3, 1958 —

THE REJECTED MS.

A long article in the Moscow *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, prints the letter, written two years ago, in which the editorial board of *Novy Mir* ("New World") rejected the manuscript of *Doctor Zhivago*. Its tone is relatively mild, and it does not accuse Mr. Pasternak of hostility to the Soviet Union or to Marxism. It points out, however, that the book is permeated, in a way which no editing could remove, with the "spirit of non-acceptance of the Socialist revolution," and of disillusionment with its results.

The article reiterates the argument that literary circles in the west at first received *Dr. Zhivago* nearly as coolly as the editors of *Novy Mir*, and that it was not until the American *Nation* suggested that Mr. Pasternak might be awarded the Nobel prize that western critics took him seriously.

The Russians seem to think that it was *The Nation* which made the name Pasternak a byword in the Western world. If the charge is true, we accept the onus happily — and with no apologies to Mr. Pasternak, who we are sure would want none.

The facts are simple. On March 15, 1958, several months before the American edition of *Dr. Zhivago* appeared, we ran an appreciation of Mr. Pasternak by Ernest J. Simmons, chairman of the Department of Slavic Literature at Columbia University; and, in the same issue, an editorial entitled "Nobel Prize Candidate" which said in part:

> Pasternak . . . is, almost without question, the greatest poet living today who has not been honored with the Nobel Prize. This oversight, perhaps unavoidable until now, should be corrected at the next election. Pasternak deserves the honor, the free spirits in Russia who emulate him deserve the encouragement that recognition would give him, and the Russian dictators of creative endeavor deserve the embarrassment that the honoring of Pasternak would bring home to them.

As far as we know, this was the first public suggestion that Mr. Pasternak was worthy of the attention of the gentlemen at Stockholm.

* * *

There is no way of telling, of course, whether *The Nation* will be equally successful next year in putting the finger on a Nobel Prize winner. But you may be sure that we will be putting the finger on *someone* or *something* unexpected. That we do every week.

THE NATION

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14

Please send THE NATION

☐ One Year, $8 ☐ Three Years, $20
☐ Two Years, $14 ☐ 6 Months, $4
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

(Canadian and Foreign Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

1-3-59

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED